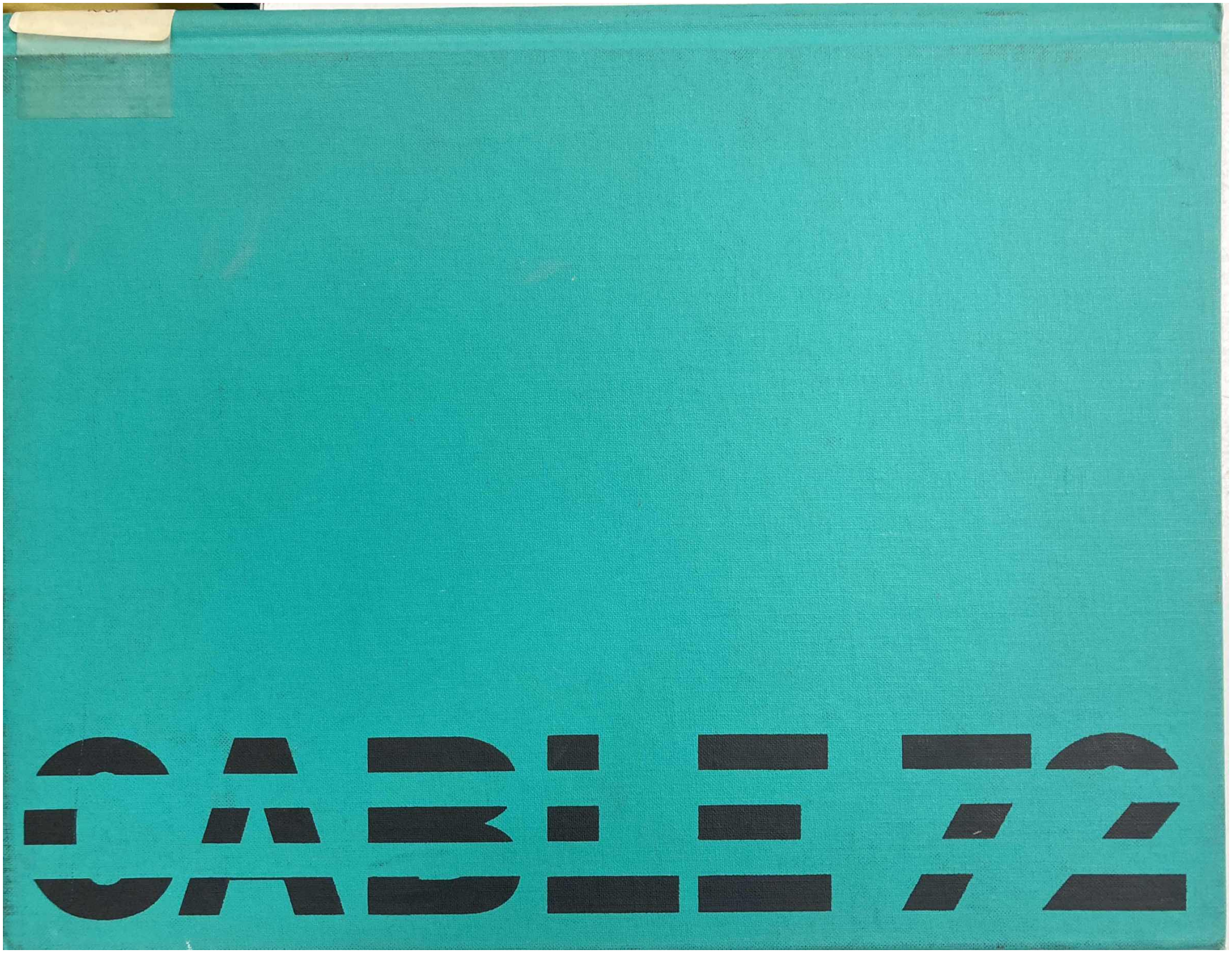
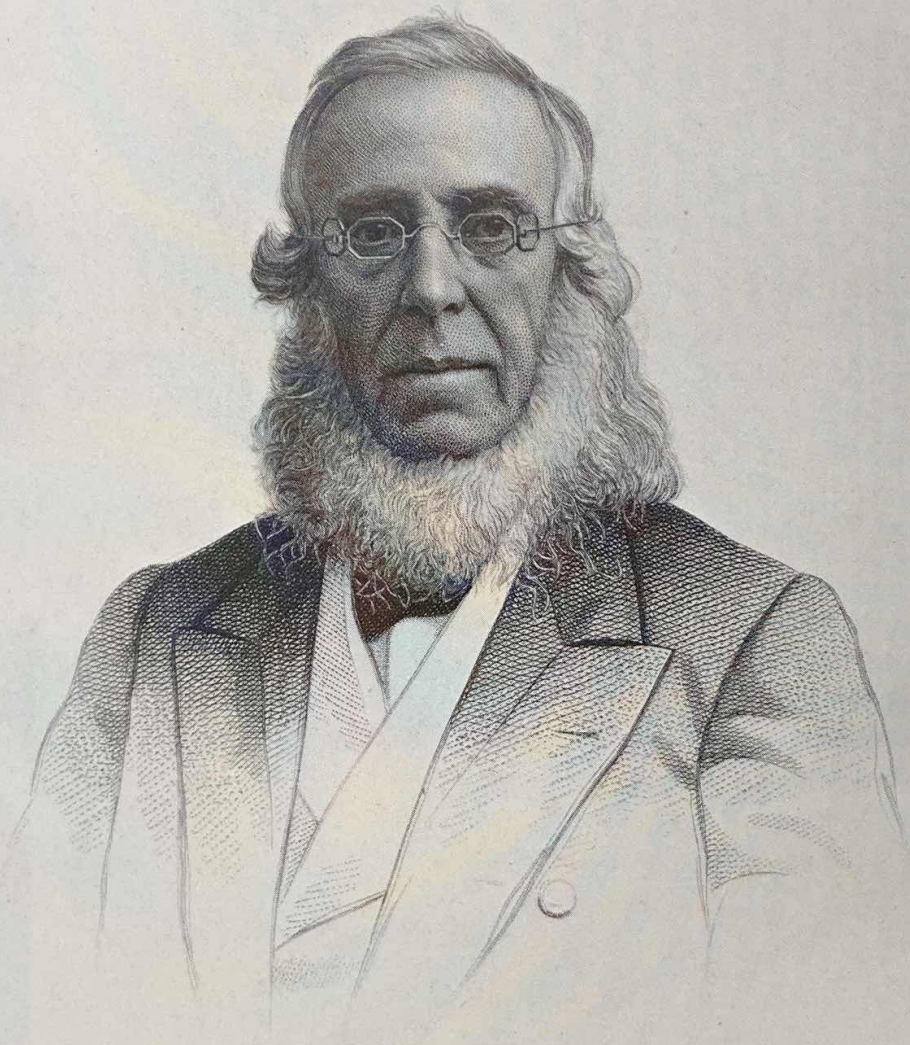

CADIEUX



Peter Cooper

To All 1972 Graduates:

I wish on behalf of The Cooper Union and myself personally to extend to each of you our congratulations on your graduation in the class of 1972, and to extend to you our very best wishes for happy and successful years ahead.

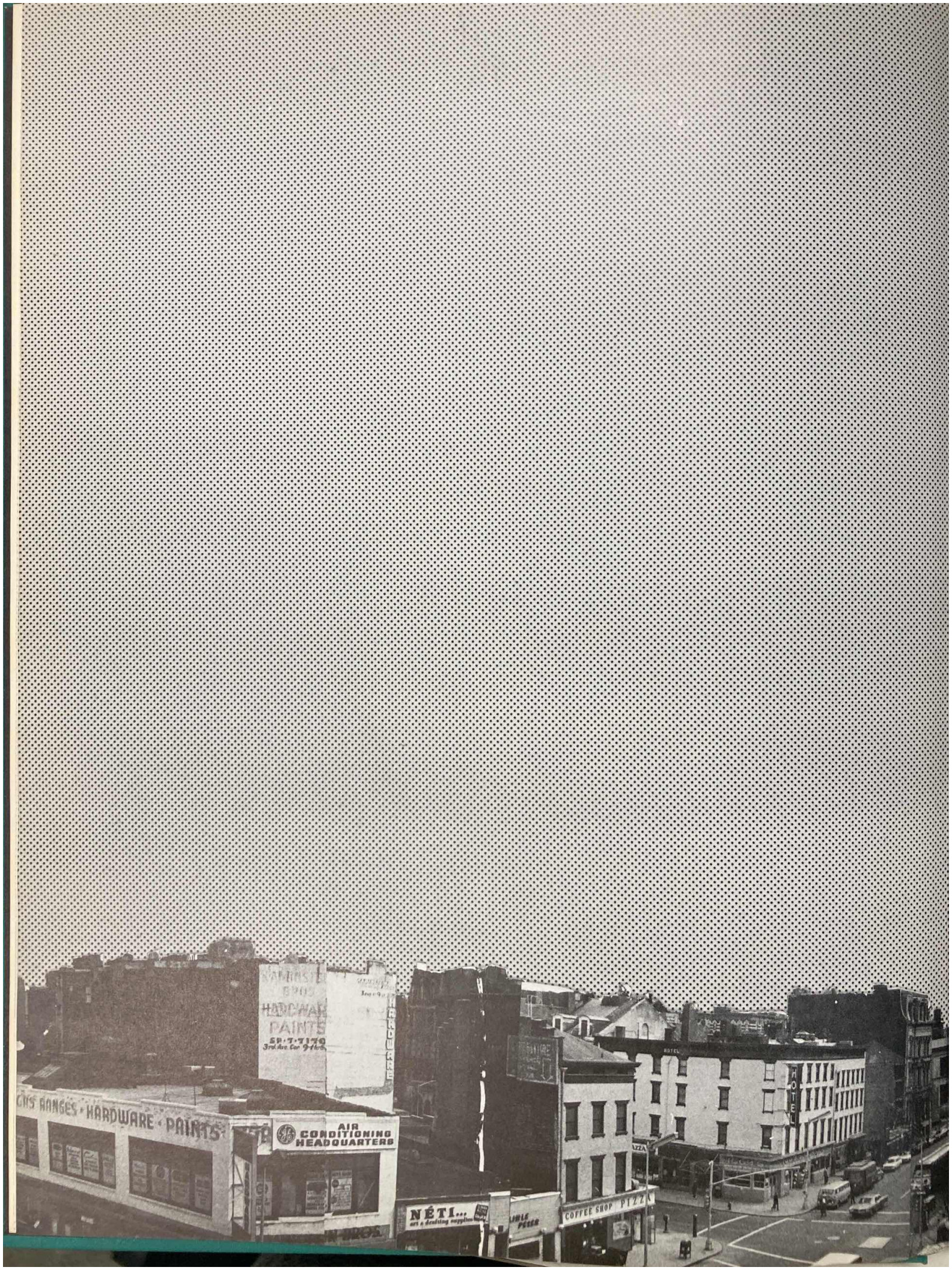
You remain a member of The Cooper Union family, and we hope you will remain close to us throughout your lives. At the same time, I hope that we who remain behind can merit your faith, your loyalty, and your support in the coming years so that together we can offer to future generations not just the same, but progressively increased opportunities for advancement in learning through study at The Cooper Union.

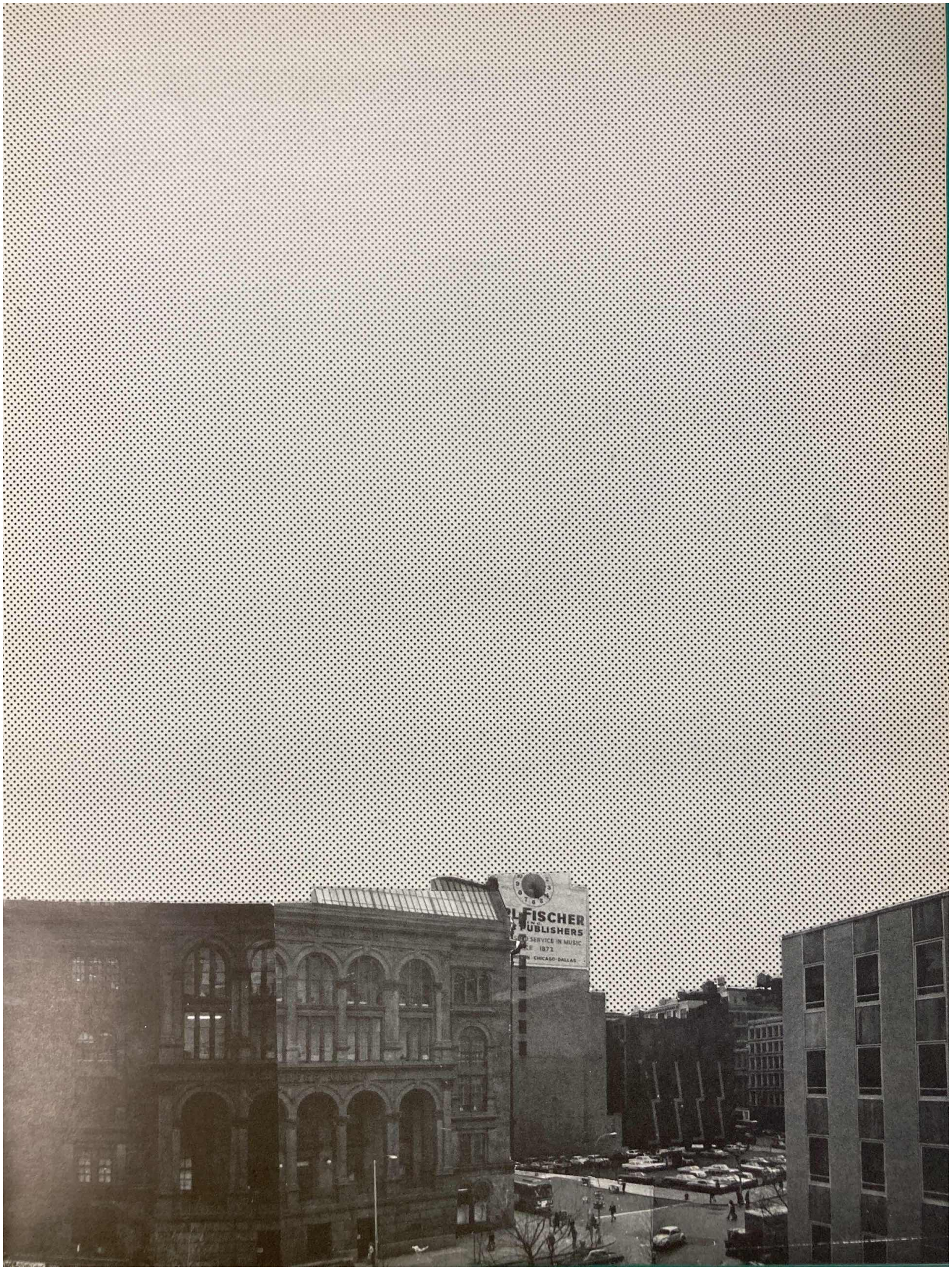
Faithfully yours,

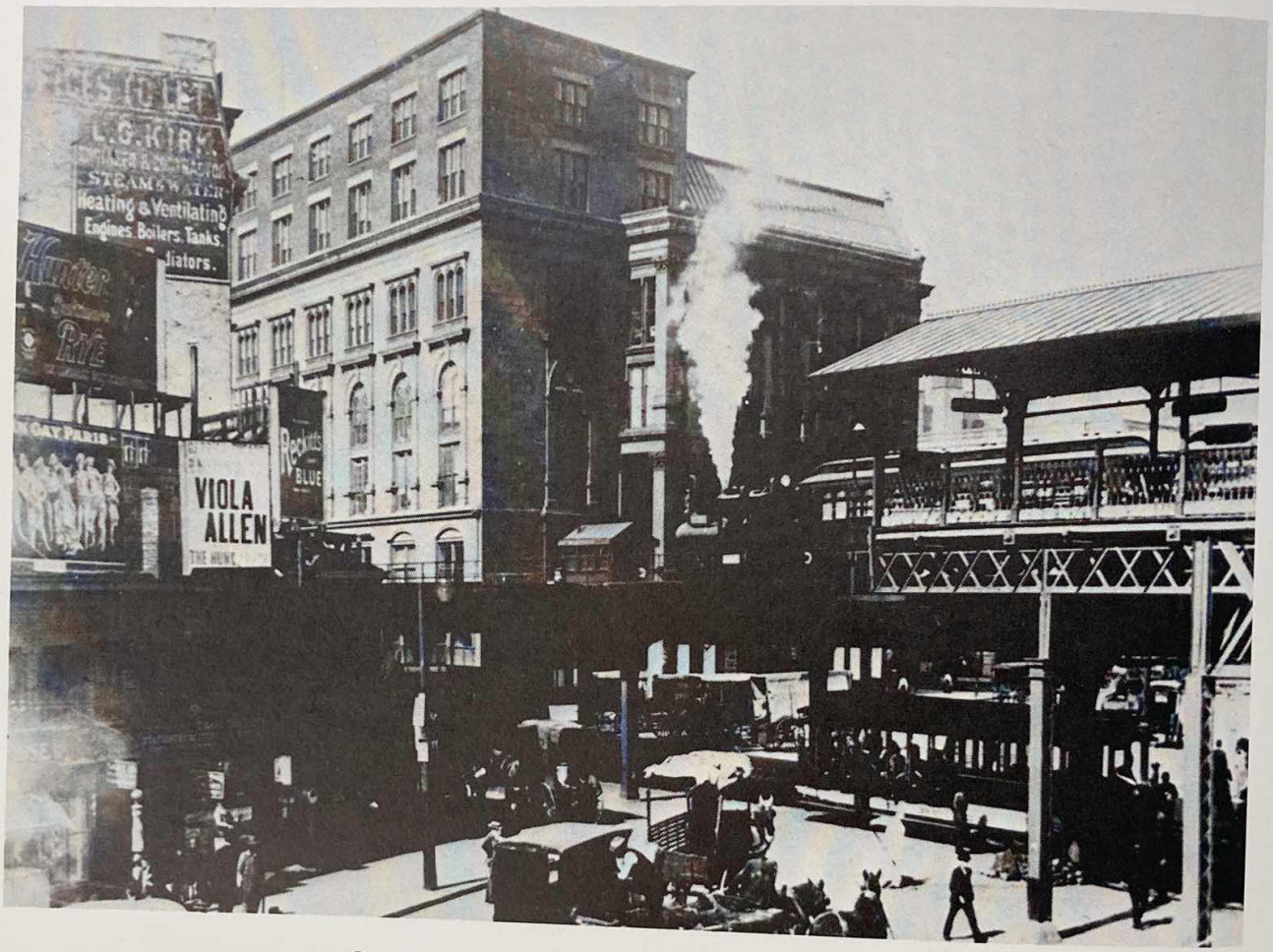
John F. White

C
7A5
C115
1972
c.3

AROUND COOPER UNION...


HARDWARE
PAINTS
AIR
CONDITIONING
HEADQUARTERS
NÉTI...
COFFEE SHOP
PIZZA
HOTEL


FISCHER
PUBLISHERS
SERVICE IN MUSIC
1872
CHICAGO-DALLAS



Cooper Union Foundation Building
May 1900

Chemical Engineers

Lower East Side Story

The Jets!

The Sharks!

The Sharks beat on baby John.

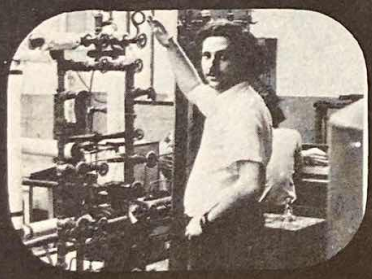
While Anita and Maria choose dresses for the dance.

Tony is given a bath by his mother.

The Jets do the Alley Cat.

The Sharks counter with a snappy Charleston.

Suddenly Tony is struck by the sight of ____



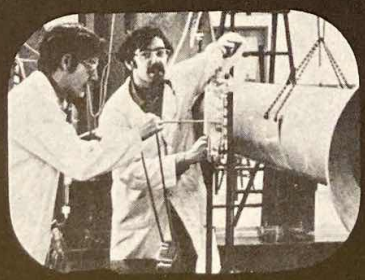
Maria!

That night Tony climbs the fire-escape to Maria's bedroom. window.

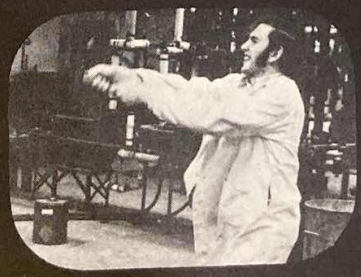
Simultaneously, the Jets have a run-in with Officer Krupt. "Gee Officer Krupt — Krup you!"

The war council at Pop's stockroom.

Pop leaves in disgust.

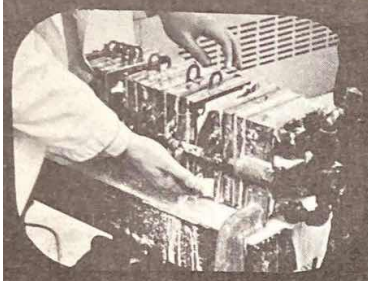


The war council chooses weapons. Bazookas.



Bats.

They decide on the Tellerettes.

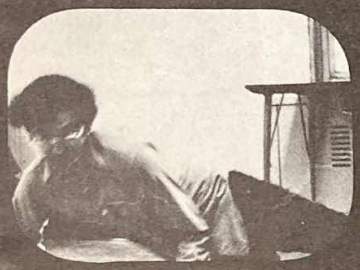


The Sharks offer a human sacrifice to Raoul, the God of Rumbles.

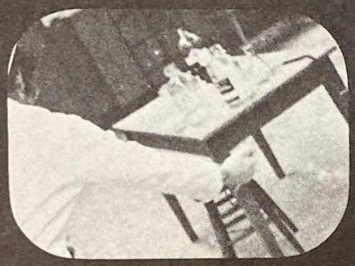
While Tony gets his famous writers school assignment out of the way . . .

The Jets

and the Sharks rumble



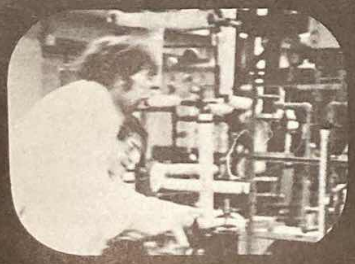
Riff dies . . .



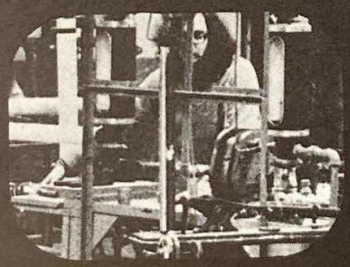
And Tony stabs Bernardo.

Yecch, Blood.

Sirens are heard and — the gangs flee the scene . . .



. . . on industrial scales.



Tony hides from the police.

Anita tells Ice that Chino has killed

Tony despairs Maria.

Chino shoots and Tony falls (on the puck).

Maria mourns . . .

as the cops drag Chino away.

Maria goes home.

A History of the Ch.E's of 1972
By Mark Weinberg

It seems only a short while ago that we were sophomores, eager, anxious, and fearful of the unknown. Since at the maximum there were only twelve students, it was not too long before we grew to know each other, all to well it turned out. The first strange thing was that in a time of dying fraternities ten of us had joined. Nevertheless, this was no bar to our friendship as we all learned to suffer the many painful moments of the upcoming years together. In the beginning the pain was caused mainly by Professor Stecher's physics class. Each of us prayed in our own way not to have to go to the board to be crucified, but we all knew that it was inevitable. Though this was one of the problems of being so few in number the primary advantage was our ability to all fit by the windowsill in the fifth floor locker room. With the juniors and seniors inhabiting the Ch.E library, this became our home away from room 515.

Our athletic ability soon manifested itself. Steve, our arm wrestling champion, even though vanquished by Dave Taylor, the humanities professor, (Steve always was prudent) could still move the lockers by himself while the rest of us together couldn't even budge them. But our most popular sport was footsie hockey, to which further practice added a new degree of sophistication. To the dismay and disbelief of the faculty at various other times we played football, basketball, ring-o-levio, frisbee, and even roller derby in the classrooms and halls. Some of our instructors did join in. Professor Cheng became the only living person to ever floor Steve, as he tripped him with a perfectly timed opening of the door. Professor Bowman invited us to his home in Rye which turned into a summer camp. There we added horseshoes, croquet, and badminton to our repetoire, as well as a game of football with Professor Bowman, complete with cap and whistle, playing the referee.

In spite of this trip the faculty compounded the mistake of letting us loose on an unsuspecting world by planning our first plant trip to Brookhaven National Laboratory. We also planned! Were we the sophomores or the juniors to be the Federation or the Klingons? The excitement of this soon dissipated as we all drove, rather than have the traditional bus fights. This facilitated a side trip to Stony Brook on the way back. Here we had a chance to see a real school for a change.

We turned in time for Professor Sherman to call us mugwumps, thereby giving our intramural basketball team a name to immortalize. It was April 30th that that great holiday, Eigensheis Day, was first not celebrated. It seems that on that day the word eigen was used in every class including, strangely enough, humanities — for what reason only God knows. That second semester also began another more significant tradition, that of donating blood to the Red Cross. While only 20% of the entire school gave, we reached 80% in Ch.E. and immediately followed it up with a good footsie hockey game. Our junior year began as our sophomore year had ended — in the tradition of Catch 22. We all sat in the same seats we had the previous year and where we would sit for the next two years. Our business skill was exemplified by the selling of slices of pizza and shares in the class football for only a small profit. The football soon disappeared and we were all sure that Rich Battino had stolen it, a rumor that would plague him forever after despite his frequent denials. We all read Bored of the Rings and memorized some of its better lines. We learned the thermo-dynamic properties of argon, carbon dioxide, and freon by frantically trying to get our computer programs to work during our Christmas vacation and our two day intersession. These computer nightmares would continue to haunt us.

The next semester could well be summarized by the omnipresent Dr. Klerer. For eight credits, three courses and ten hours a week he had the dubious distinction of being our mentor and keeper. Fortunately, it was often interdispersed with things like Jerry's surprise birthday party. Dr. Klerer's drawing of a crystal that looked surprisingly like a birthday cake was the high-light of the surprise to Jerry who had copied the sketch as part of his notes. We also had a chance to see the Esso Bayway Refinery. It was too bad that they refused to let us have the hardhats, for our revenge came swiftly. One week later all that was left of the refinery was rubble.

But as slow as the time crawled by, the clocks still operated and miraculously we were seniors. We finally had the chance to choose some electives but unfortunately Science Fiction Lab with its illustrative experiments dealing with the Magneto Tractor Bean and A Stable Phantastron was not being offered that semester. Research on Sanitary Engineering kept us busy though making advance from the frontiers of engineering. Who would have thought that Mike's ethyl alcohol system would replace the flush toilet? We now did show a lot of confidence as the thought of a mass transfer midterm threw us into hysterics and caused the largest low pool ever to be seen on the fifth floor.

Mike and Mark summarized their feelings for chemical engineering by their epic song, "There's No Business Like Flow Business." For weeks the halls seemed to resound with the words of this, closely followed by some carefully chosen yet unprintable expletives. Unit Ops Lab proved conclusively to us that not only is five hours equivalent to twenty-five, but that theory and practice have absolutely nothing at all in common.

Where else could you mix up a slurry of water and calcium carbonate only to then use a filter press to get clear water? With job interviews and graduate school acceptances, it was hard to keep our minds on the work but nonetheless, we perserved until the end.

FACULTY AND FRIENDS

S.I. Cheng

G. Millenchick

Dr. J. Klerer

J. Sinacore

Dr. Raisel

A. Lannus

G. Cheng

Mrs. Colbert

"There's No Business Like Flow Business."

There's no business like flow business
Like no business we know
Everything about it is apalling
Listening to the sewage going "splat"
Nowhere can you get a thorough mauling
Like when you're falling
Into the vat . . .

**They're no people like flow people
They smile when they are low
Even with a market that's about to fold
They may be hungry, and in the cold
Still, they keep on pumping, to get out the load
Let's go on with the flow . . . (oh yeah)
Let's go on with the flow

The Reynolds, the Prandtl, the Peclet, the Froude
The other ones that regulate the flow
Geometry, gravity, the friction, the speed
Together make the system stop or go
Turbulence is not so very good
But we know what to do in case it should.

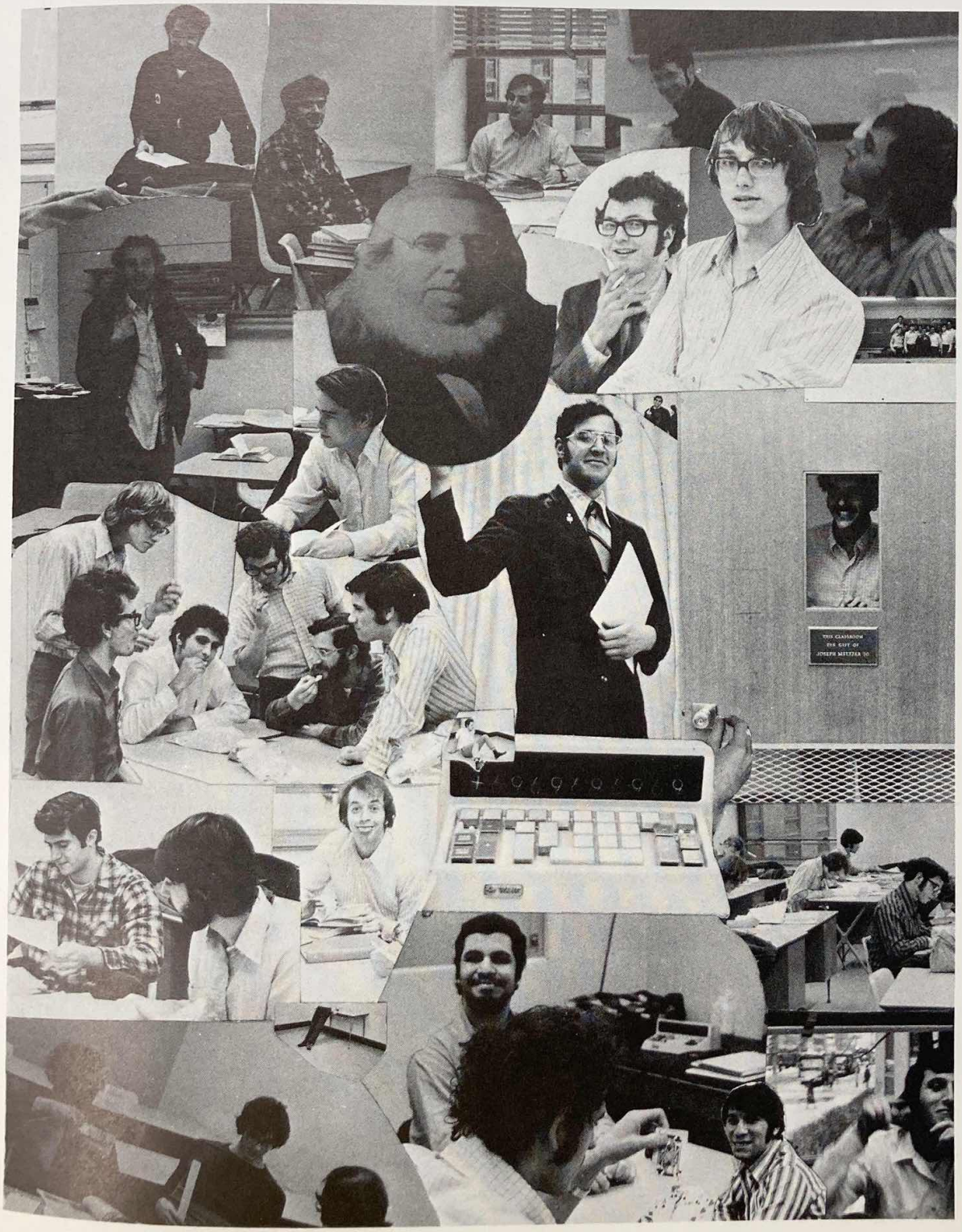
There's no business like flow business
Like no business we know
You get word before the plant has started
That the pressure drop is far too great
On top of that the foreman has departed
You're broken hearted
But it's too late

At this point the group goes into the world-famous wrench dance, in which they simulate the velocity profile of the viscous sublayer. At the conclusion of the dance, a steam pipe breaks, and kills two of the dancers. The survivors begin the finale, then exit.

Note: To do this number, we will need six performers and two times N extras, where N is the number of dress rehersals.

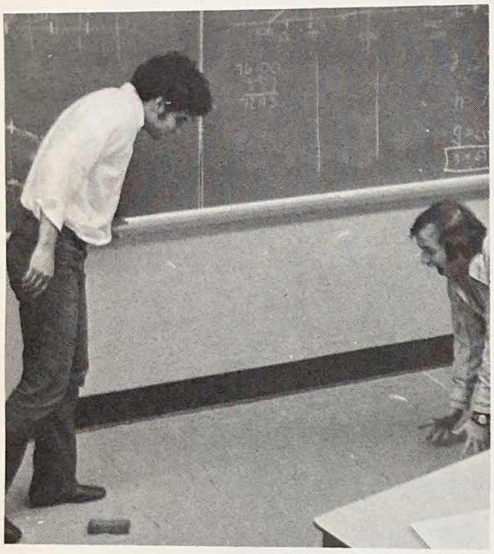
**Repeat Refrain

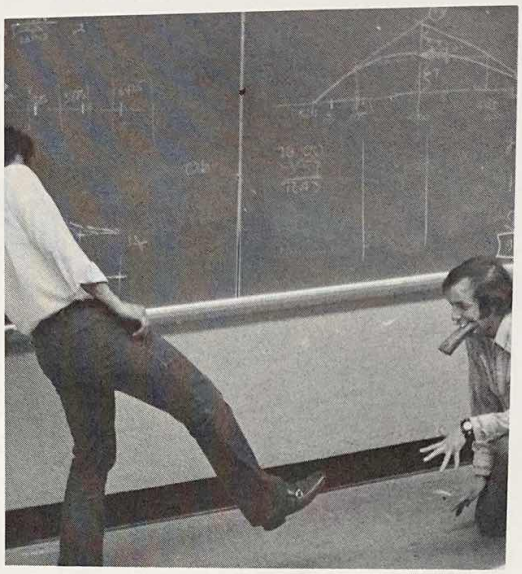
Civil Engineering

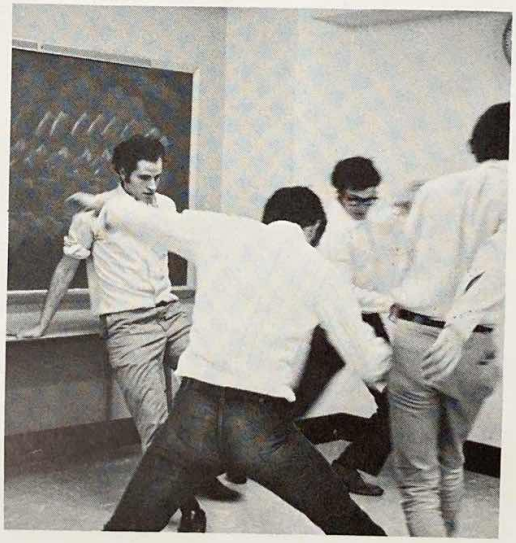


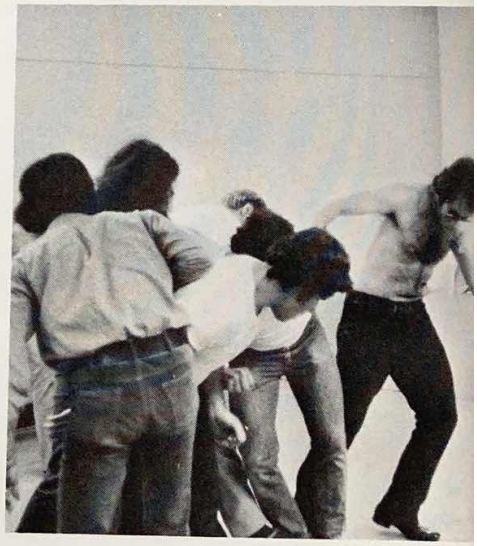
Physical Education

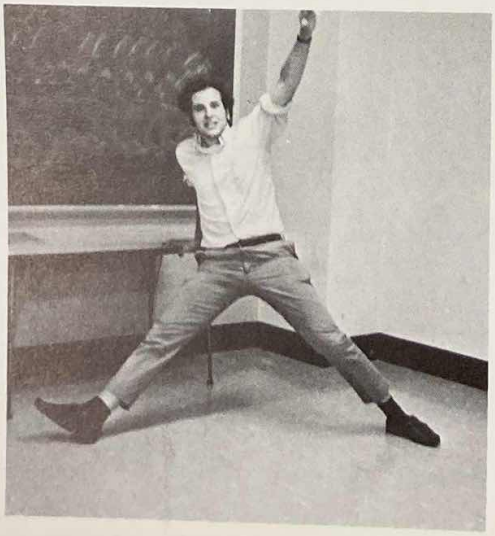
Footsie Hockey

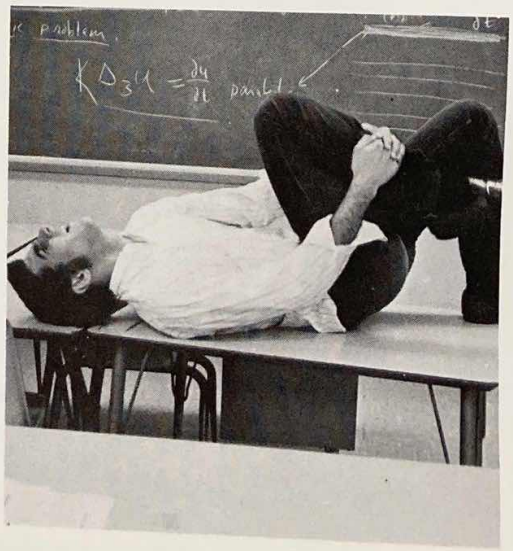










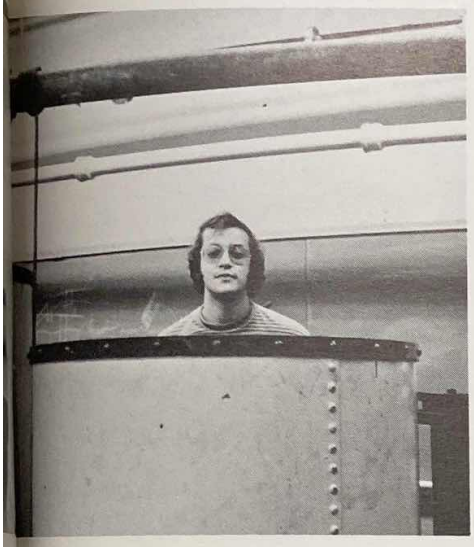


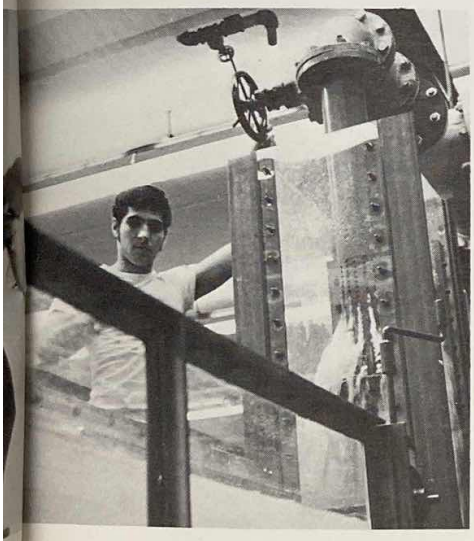
Fluids Lab

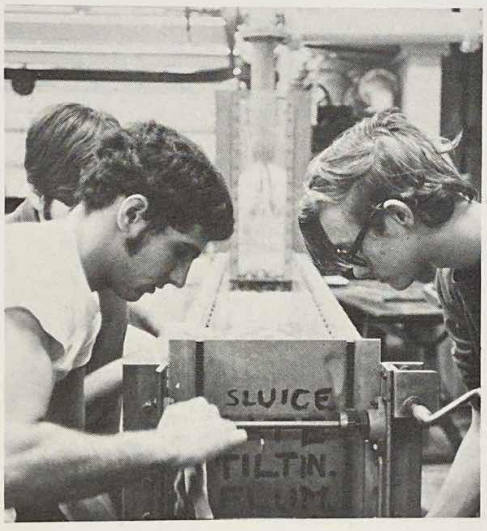
by F. Luent and Joo C. Duk

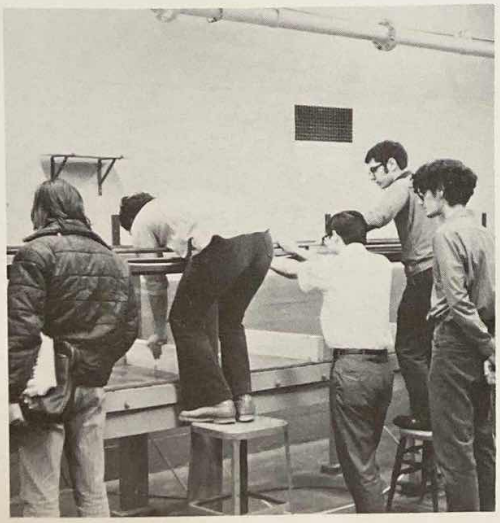
Under the expert supervision of Dr. K.K. Wong and Dr. W.D. Kim (gone but not forgotten), the C.E.'s completed a number of lab experiments and projects involving fluid flow, scour effects and drag effects.

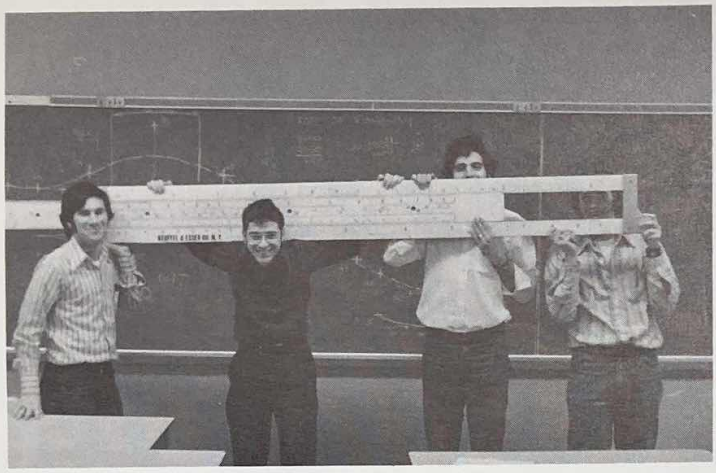
We are happy to report no drownings in the fluids tank and no bursting of pipes, but it is rumored that a rubber duck haunts the lab and circles it in the pipes when pump #3 is turned on.

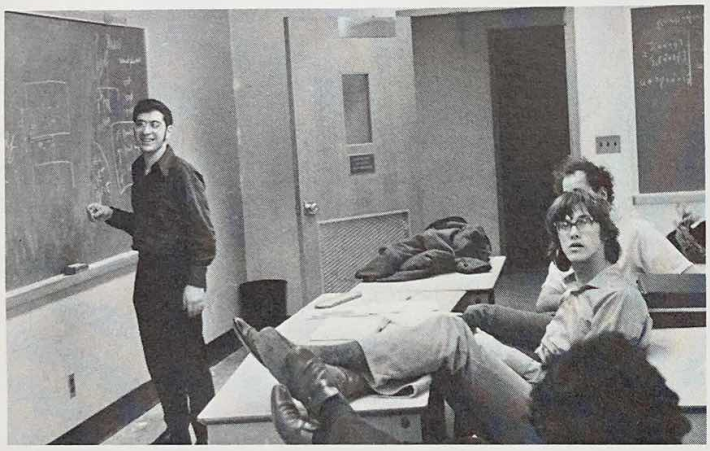


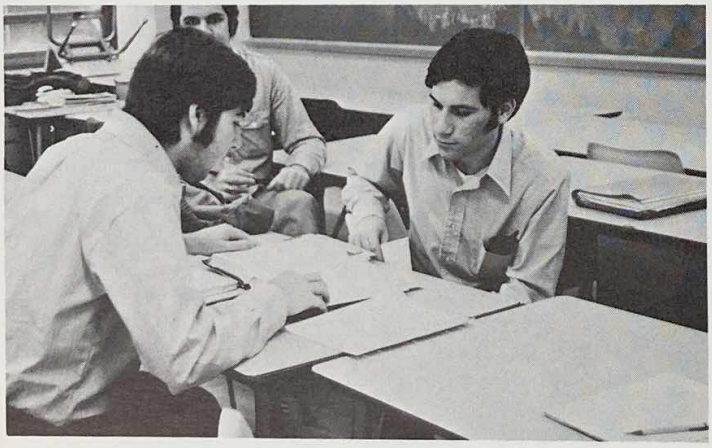






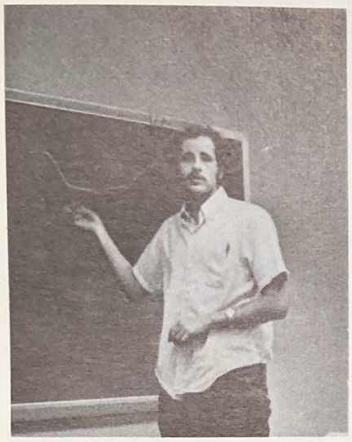


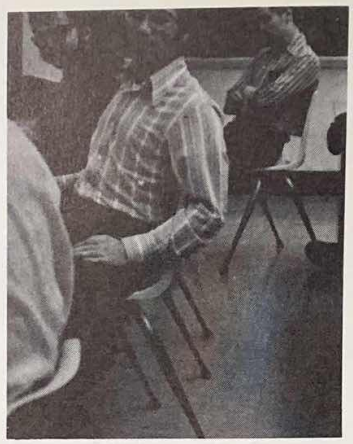
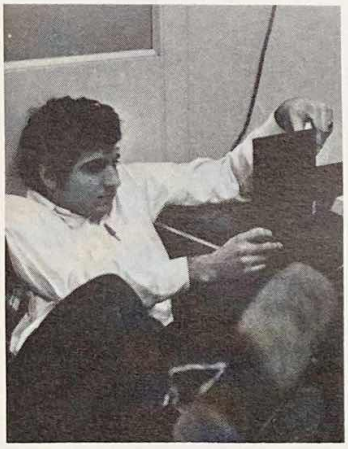


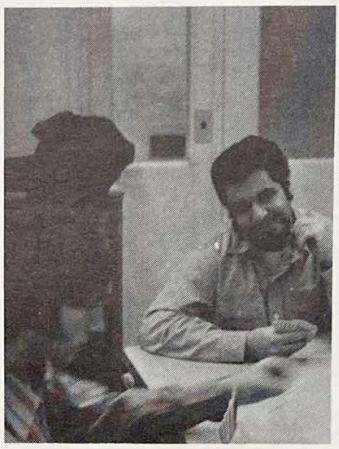
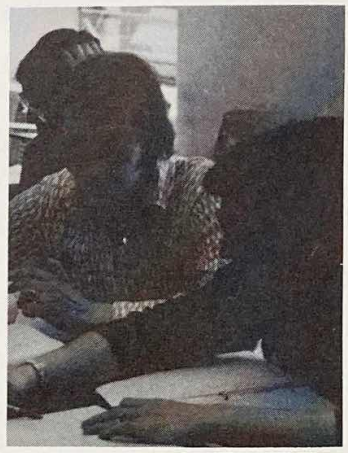
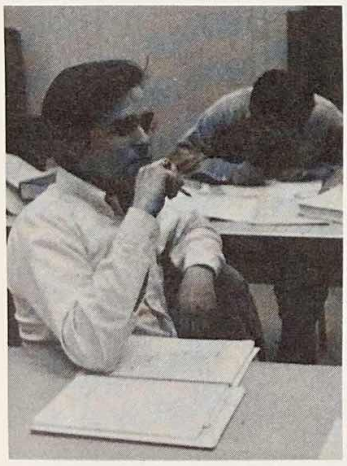
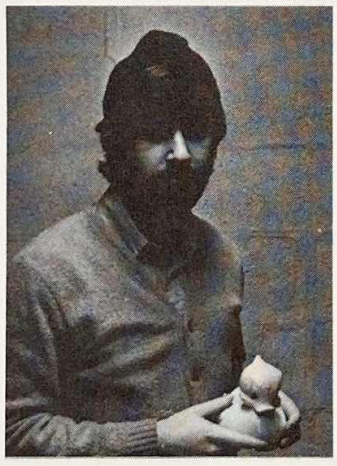
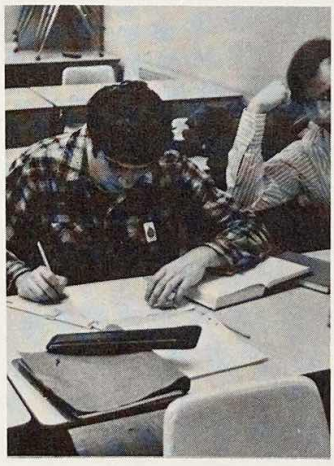
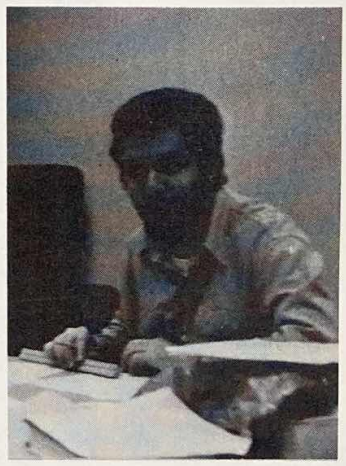


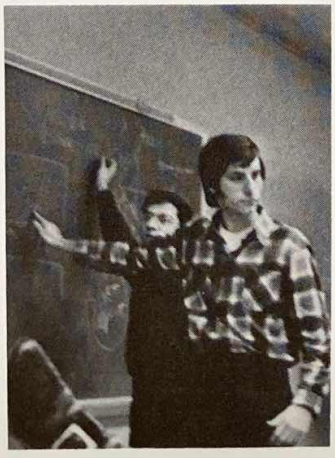
Yenta Center by I-ball

Hot flash: On June 1st Manny will dispost of his entire stock of Manny pants. Complimentary shopping bags will be given at the door . . . Mazel tov to Robin and Debbie who will be married on the whip in June. Kiss me I'm a nebbish buttons will be given at the door . . . Kudos to Larry E. and Bob F. on crashing the 5'4" barrier. Good Luck for continued growth . . . Norman, your contacts are ready . . . Bob C., please report to the missing persons bureau . . . Ira, pick up your Tempo Mixers in the main lobby . . . Secret Expose: Steve G. is opening a boutique called the Sun and the Moon . . . Odd Couple Revival: Good Luck to Steve G. and Stu R. (crackling Rosy) in their get-together at U. of Delaware. Steve has promised Rosy action every night, but Suzy says NO . . . K. Lastima Reports: on May 11, 1972 Tom Witz broke all records by actually finishing all of the Leo G. homework and going in and asking for more . . . Smiley Leo M. has reportedly gone berserk after riding the IRT with Ira the Machine. The last thing he was heard to say before being taken away was, "My wax is melted, my wax is melted." . . . Our best wishes to Mike W. who at the last moment avoided the draft by bursting out into the Manny Nock Birthday Jingle while taking a urine sample. Good Show Mike. . . . Ken N., your parking space is ready . . . Good sport award goes to Jameel A. for facing with a smoke and a smile the 4DCE's. "Thanks but all I want now is peace and quiet." Jameel, you may get your wish, as you will teach the 3DCE Zombies. "Thank my lucky stars for that," as he lit up his next piece of chalk . . . Help! On Tuesday Mrs. Laris was suddenly attacked by a disgruntled student with a bag on his head who was mumbling something about a stapler . . . Hockey News: I.D. cards will be returned at graduation — George the Guard . . . Please Post: Please return all my books at once — W. D.K. . . . Fire Sale: 1 raincoat, slightly singed from VW fire, see M.S. . . . Join the Boy Scouts — see Norm for further Info . . . Great Show: Robin was the guest of honor at the Bum's Convention at Bowery Lane. Robin says, "You meet the nicest people there." . . . And now a few words from Dollar Bill S . . . . . !

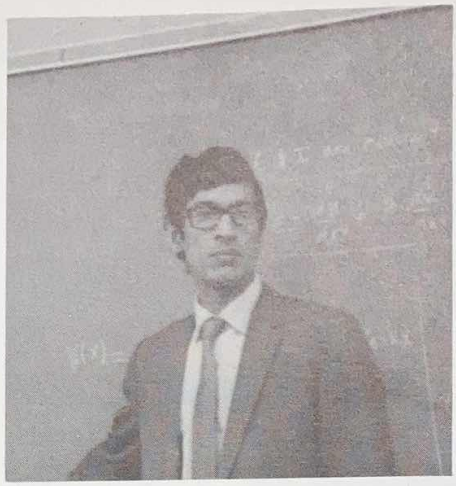


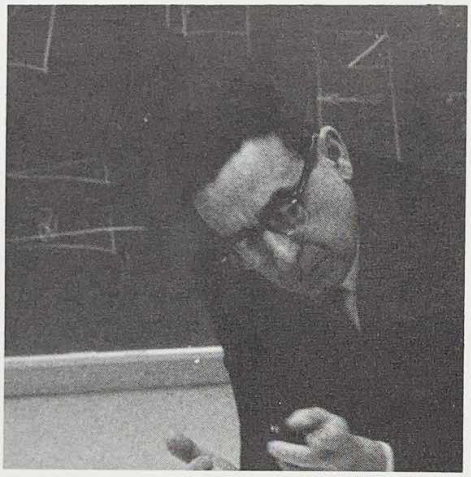


Dr. Wong



Dr. Ahmad

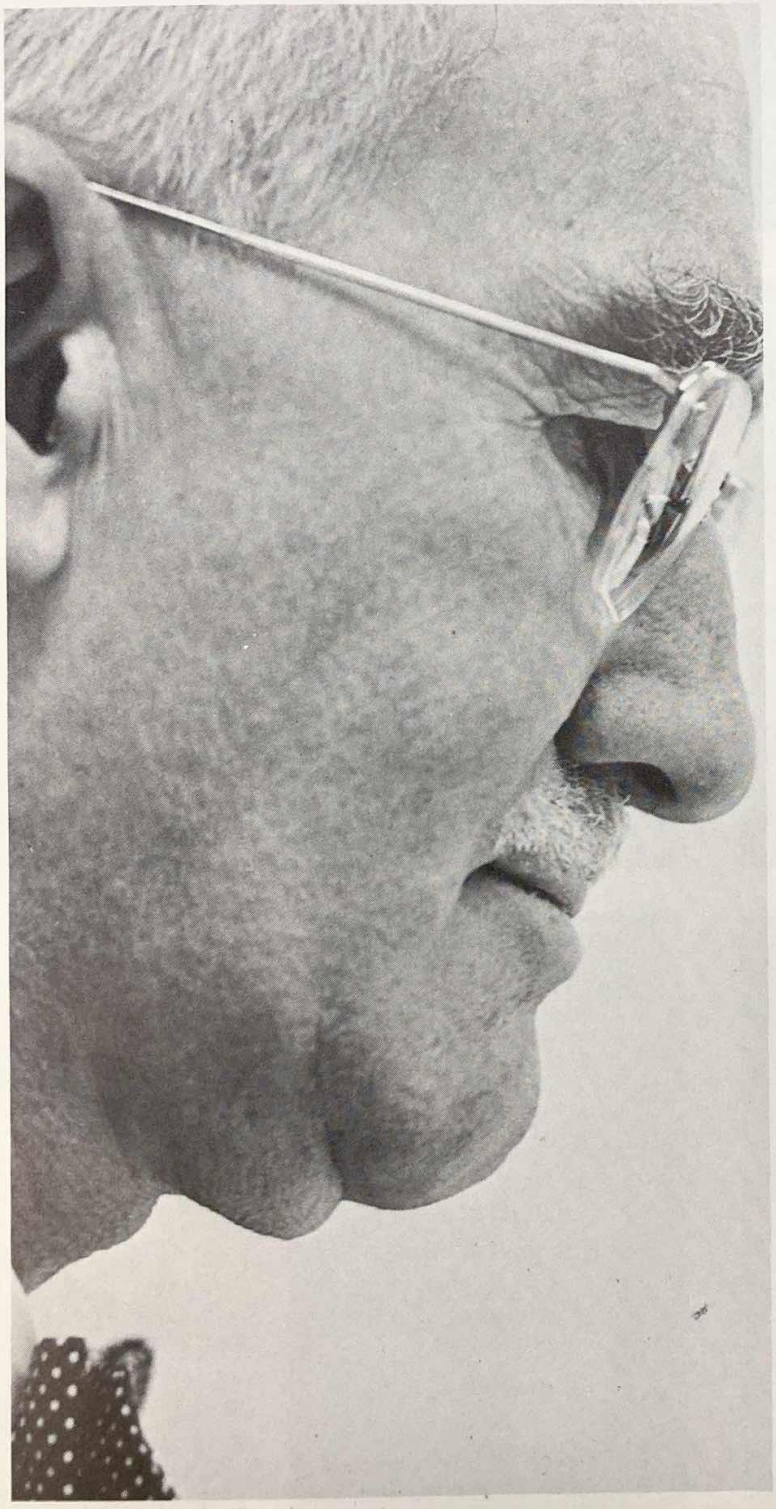
Dr. L. Galetta



Dr. F. Wallace

Dr. D. Tung

Electrical Engineering



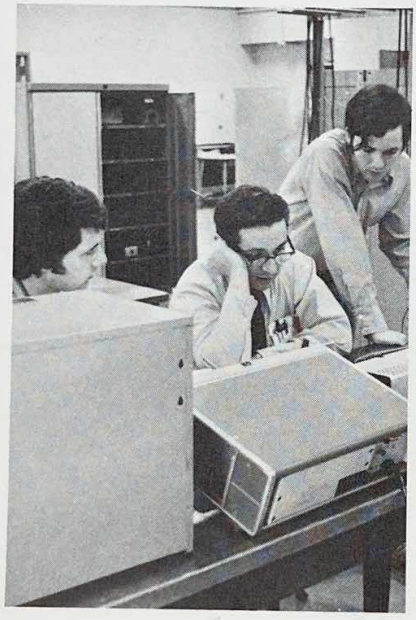
Mrs. C. Teitch
Department Secretary

Professor J.B. Sherman
Department Head

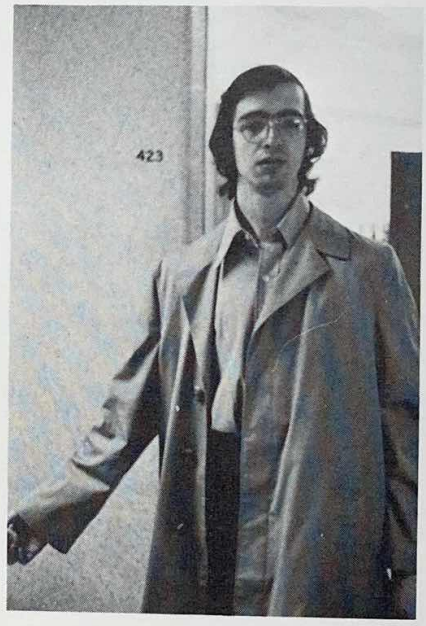
Our Gang

Larry Shulman plays cards with the computer.

Bernie McKenna prepares to throw the tomahawk.



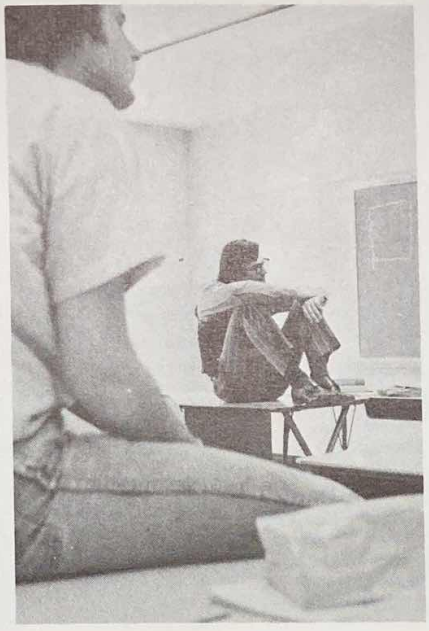
Professor Volpe despairs while trying to help students beyond hope.



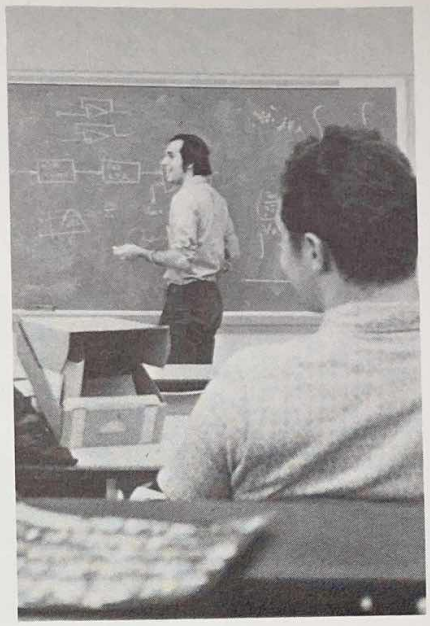
Is it a bird . . . a plane . . . No. It's Maylath.

Larry Lopez seems to know something we don't know.

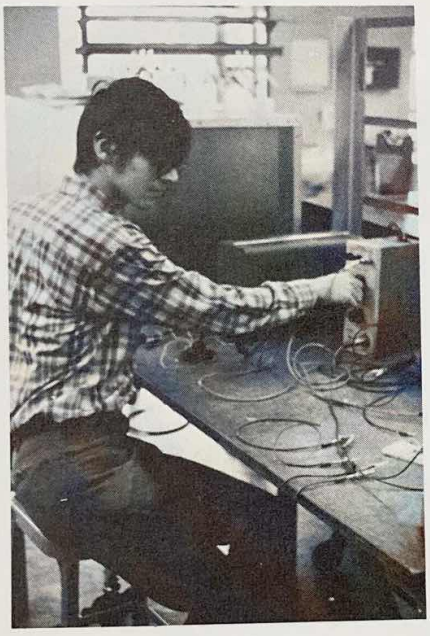
Mr. Roy Belton grins affection - ately at a machine.



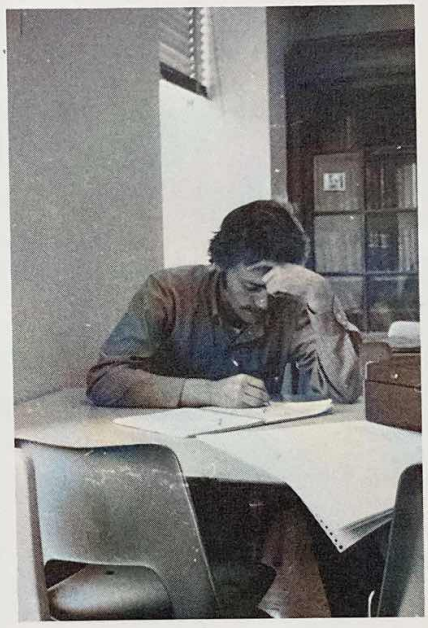
Professor Costello listens as . . .



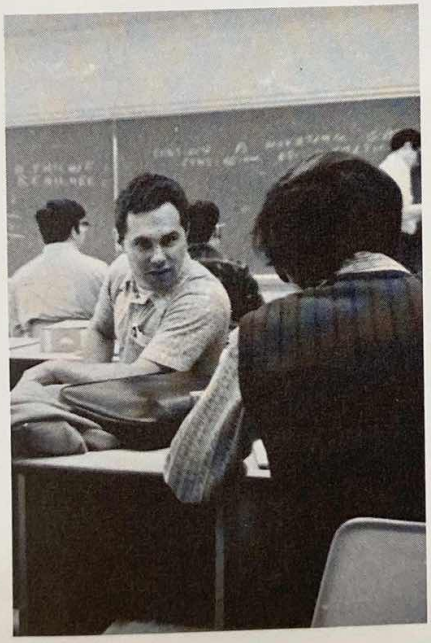
Hank Goldberg demonstrates that teaching is a cinch



Bob Metzger tries his hand at electricity.



Bernie pretends to be working . . . with his eyes closed.

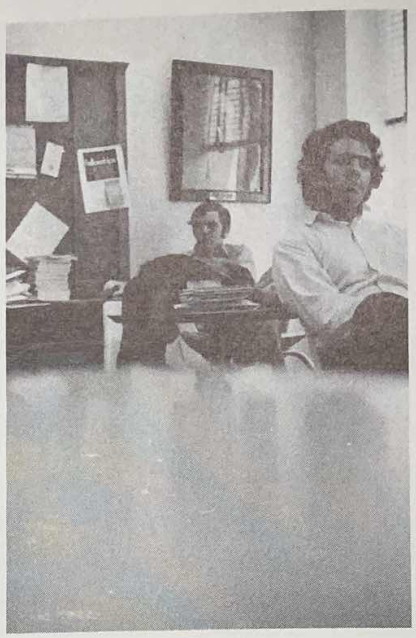


Gerry Sirowitz demonstrates the least painful direction to face during thermo class.

Marty Pavane wonders . . . "How do you turn it on".

In an unprecedented show of strength on May 5, 1972, we (almost) unanimously decided to refuse to take a test . . .

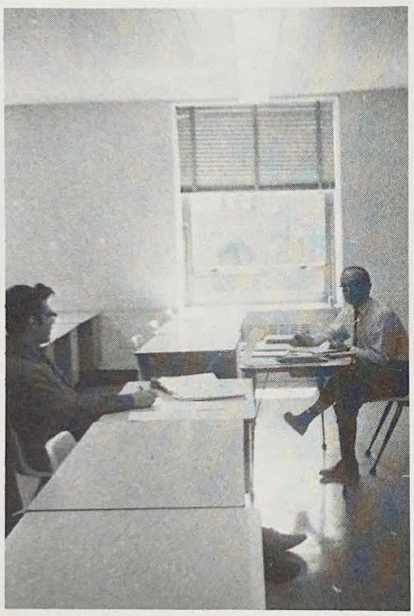
. . . The Great Rebellion



I'm too tired to take a test.

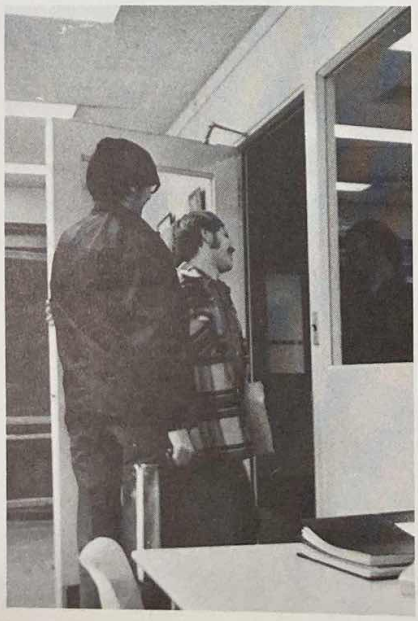
Let's show 'em who's boss.

Professor Sandler administers the test to a class of one . . . then decides to use brute force to convince the rest of us.

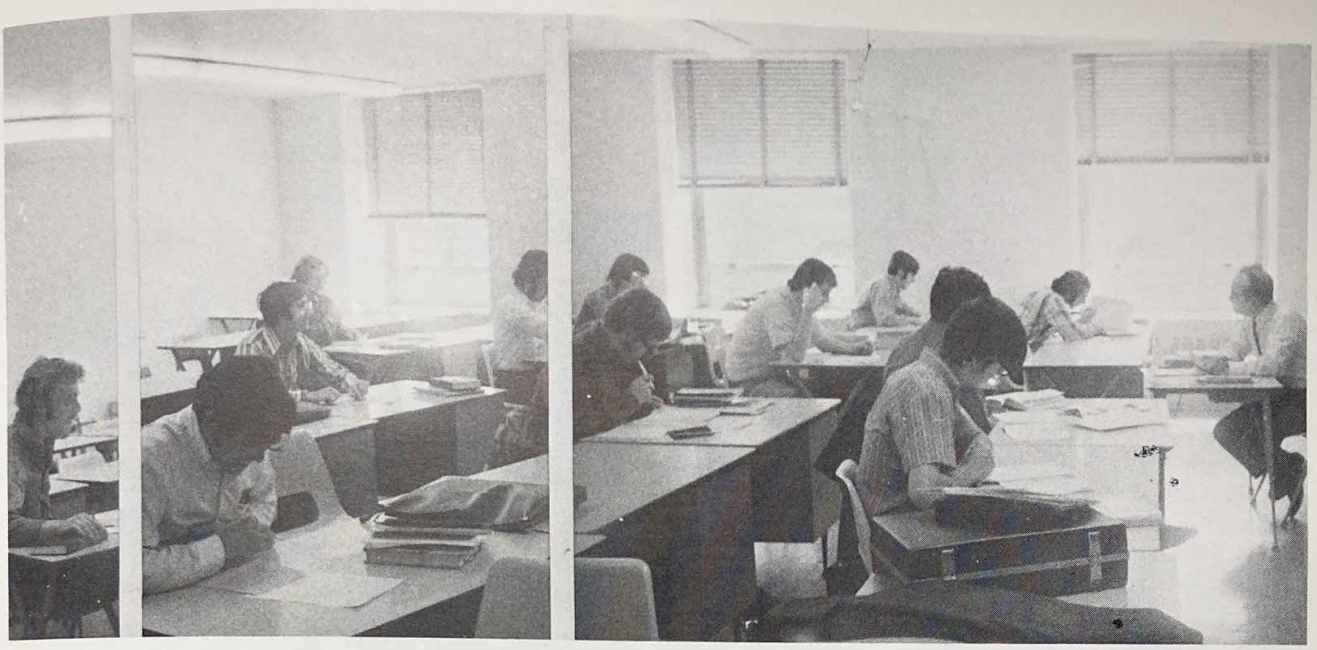


"Please take the test or else."

A few gave in but the rest of us vowed never to submit. However Professor Sandler increased the pressure.

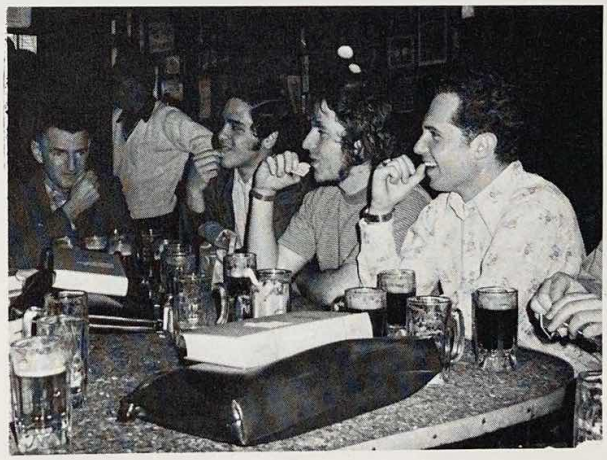


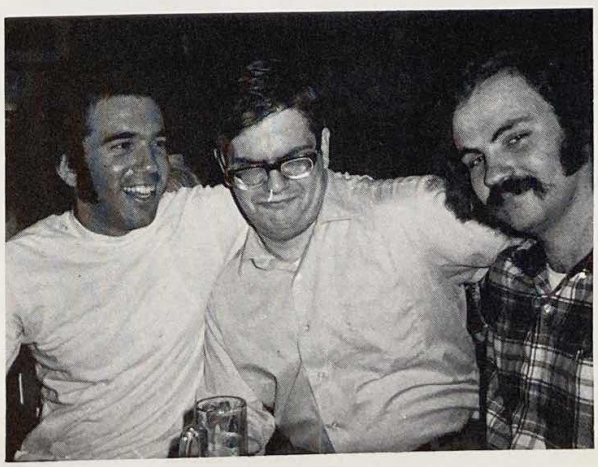
"If you take the test now I promise not to laugh. Besides it's getting late."



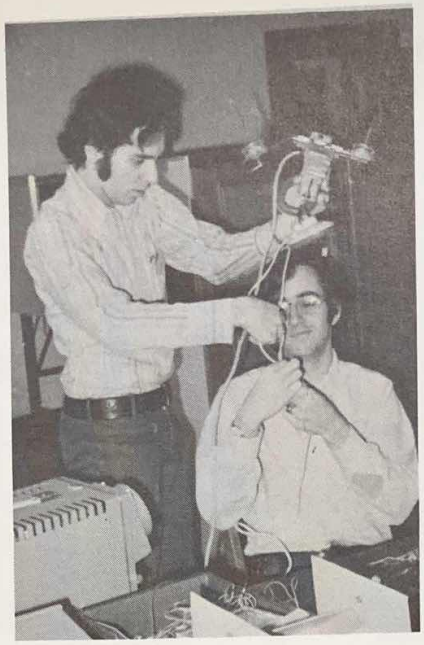
well . . . it was an easy test anyway.

The Exodus, From the Thermol Final





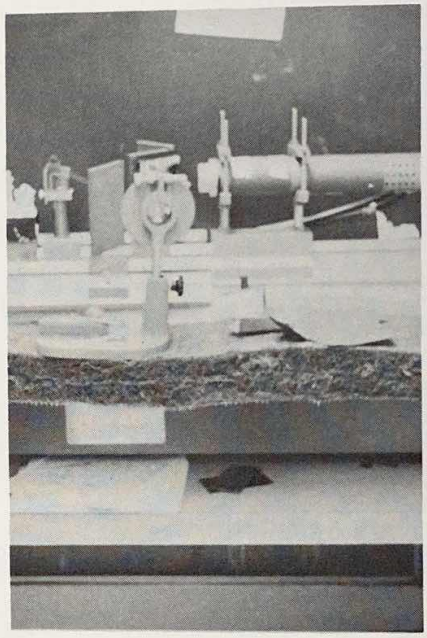
Scenes from the fourth



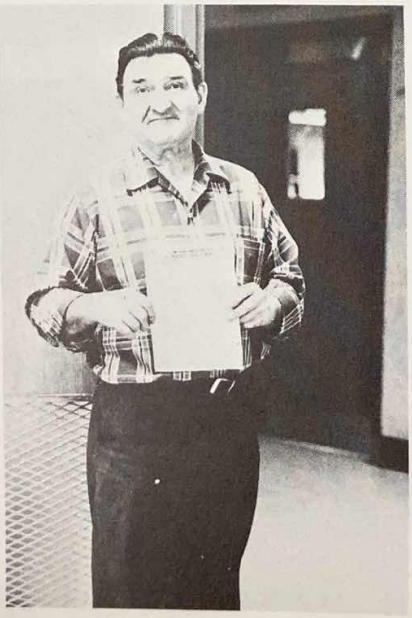
Hank Goldberg installs brainwave alpha meter on Tom Schiano.

Tom Glavich with TR-48 analog computer

Prof. Volpe helps Mr. Tom Visione and Mr. Roy Belton entertain guest from physics dept.



Laser



Last chance

Got your I.D. cards?

The Saga of the EE's

As you may care to recall (and I wouldn't care if you didn't) it all started about 4 ½ years ago when we decided to take the short, 8 ½ hour entrance quiz to the Cooper Union. We all fought for a comfortable seat with a view of one of the front row poles in the world famed (and New York City condemned) Great Hall. Then the chiropractic lap boards were passed out and soon afterwards so did we. A few weeks later, we heard the great news that we were accepted to Cooper Union while all the other poor devils were doomed to college.

Orientation was next. Five glorious fun filled days up in the swinging resort town of Ringworm, New Jersey where the chief excitement was Tom Schiano appendicitis. Those of us who were sentenced to 5 days in Astor Place will fondly recall the Green Camp Mascot — the bat. The bat had the playful habit of dive bombing the bunks, usually just after Charlie Cassela sent us to bed for playfully tossing our pillows (which were considered deadly weapons due to their lumps) at each other. As more of us will recall, we had our first exposure to the 3rd law of thermodynamics. Since the barn burns to the ground in 3 minutes flat, and it takes 5 minutes to open the windows, throw out the ropes and then jump into the recently vacated bullpen, we found that you gotta lose, as the saying goes. We also had many lectures on Cooper Union, the first of which dealt with advanced techniques in tree feeling.

Then school started. No. Classes started. Our physical education course, as such, then began. Our instructor was Professor Hollinger, as such, who provided us with useful stunts that we could use at parties, or whenever else tests were scheduled, if we were so inclined. Such techniques as running bent over backwards on all fours in forward and reverse was definitely helpful for our transmissions. Besides, what better way to get in shape for the advanced activities like swimming bent over backwards and horse back riding while hanging from the horse's neck?

The endurance gained from phys. ed. was to come in handy when attending Professor Liebeskind's lectures in whatever it was he taught. Weekly, we were to be exposed to the ultimate educational experience: physics — also known by some as bloodletting. Learning whether a bridge would float was the main point of our Statics and Dynamics course. On a more serious level, though, two other points were made by Al Abramson when his symbolic shot from the southeast corner of the room landed in the trash can, indicating where the entire course might well have been thrown.

In our lower sophomore year we started our formal training in silence. The blackboard was transformed into a memo pad and our lives were filled with the fear that one day they would cancel our contract and take the blackboard away. We were greeted each day with a cheery assignment scrawled by our employer on the blackboard. We endured as long as we could but after the first class we rebelled and demanded a change. A big conference was set up between the workers and management with many unrelated members of the department amusingly watching us try to beat our brains out. But, try as we might, our plans were returned F-resubmit and we were finally persuaded that silence is golden.

After the sophomore year, for those of us who don't remember, came our junior year, where we proceeded, armed with our knowledge of Circuits and Networks, to tackle Electronics and Machines. This was like being armed with a broken spear against a Sherman tank. In this crisis situation, we pulled all our resources and established the B.P.C. which was short for the Burke Publishing Company. The B.P.C. found a ready market for anything it could get its hands on.

Next came our course in mythology where we were to learn of such things as A-Stable-Phantastrons and mechanical filters. These myths were presented to us in earthly form by Professor Knapp who reigned over the lab. Professor Knapp's other course with us that year was in speech and dialogue where he and the class discussed the reasons for life and why going to Cooper wasn't one of them.

On the lighter side, our mathematical training was set equal to a constant by our Professor Mott Smith who made our course in variables very complex. For those of us who don't remember him, don't bother; I'm sure he doesn't remember us either.

Divergence of curls was taken up in our waves course

by Professor Stalzer, and humanities in our humanities course by Professor Shea.

Then, at long last, came the last year of our 4 at Cooper. Here, in a course taught by Professor Volpe in Pulse and Digital Circuits we finally learned how a transistor worked. Then all we had to do was figure out what to do with 'em. We also had Professor Sandler for communications which taught us how to commune only at the expense of bandwidth. And then we had our favorite course, lab, where some of us spent a lot of time while others were there very often. But our time for judging the judges was at hand. For years we complained and complained and nobody do nuthin'; but now we had a teacher and course evaluation. At last we had an effective way of communicating our grievances only to throw it away at the last minute like an incorrect Machines problem photostat. So we went away with the knowledge that it was almost over anyway and who cares?

Finally, our last semester. Who could forget thermodynamics and Professor Sumner where we learned such things as advanced boredom and theoretical bickering. Job interviews were also being held and we all eagerly signed up for the company that came down. Each morning we would hear that one of us had gotten a NO letter and immediately look on the bright side and say, "I'll get mine tomorrow." — and get 5 points for being right.

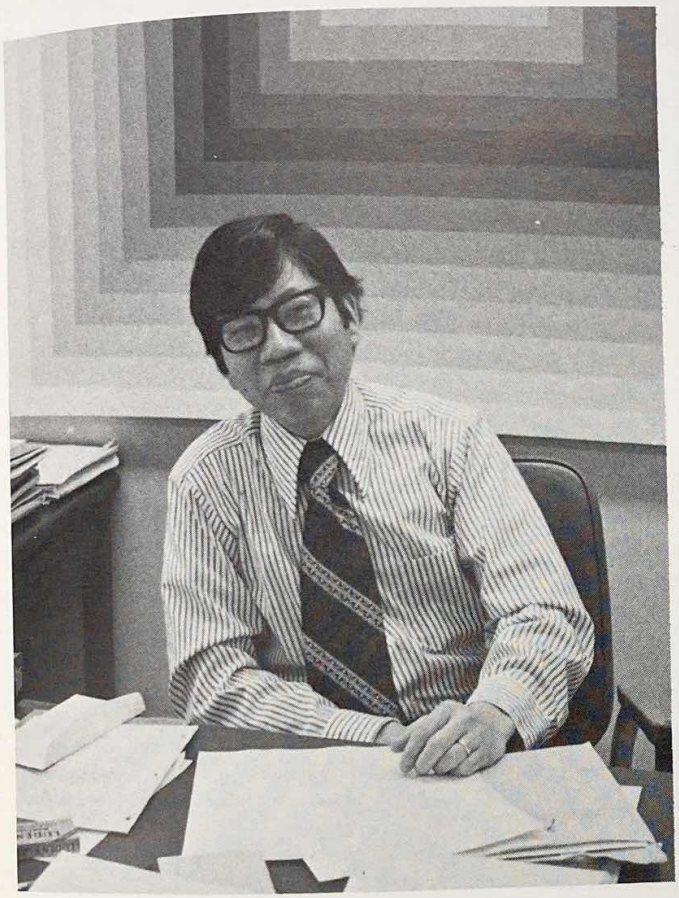
Speaking of NO's it was dress rehearsal time for our "Great Rebellion of '72" as I have just decided to call it. Professor Sandler's advanced communications final was the first event. Nobody liked being called chicken so the entire class (except one) decided to show our dissent by not taking the test (see pictures). But, showing that he was serious, Professor Sandler succeeded in winning some of us. He then returned and upon demanding that we take the test or else put down the rebellion F-lessly.

But on the last day of the semester, a certain final in a certain thermo class was scheduled for 2:05 PM. The enemy was due in school at 11 AM and when he didn't show up by 1:30, emissaries were sent to ME camp to find out if he was going to show. By 1:45 there was no news, and plans of going to McSorley's to celebrate were beginning to spread. However, at 1:50, just 15 minutes before the scheduled beginning of the end, news arrived that the enemy was coming and the end was indeed to begin. But as we all sat in 421 resigned to our fate, we noticed the enemy was not there. At 2:05 we regrouped and decided that he was late and after the 30 second waiting period we retreated to McSorley's where some of us made use of our almost forgotten physical education training. The details I'm sure we'll remember — and besides, they're secret.

4 o'clock and it was all over. NO MORE SCHOOL. All that remained was graduation, the last goodbye's, friendships and memories that won't be forgotten, and then we were off to even bigger and better things.

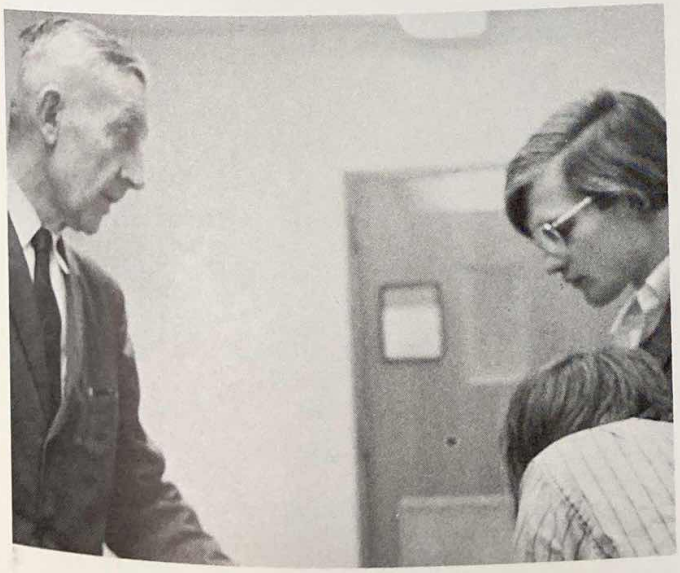
30 — 30 — 30

Mechanical Engineering

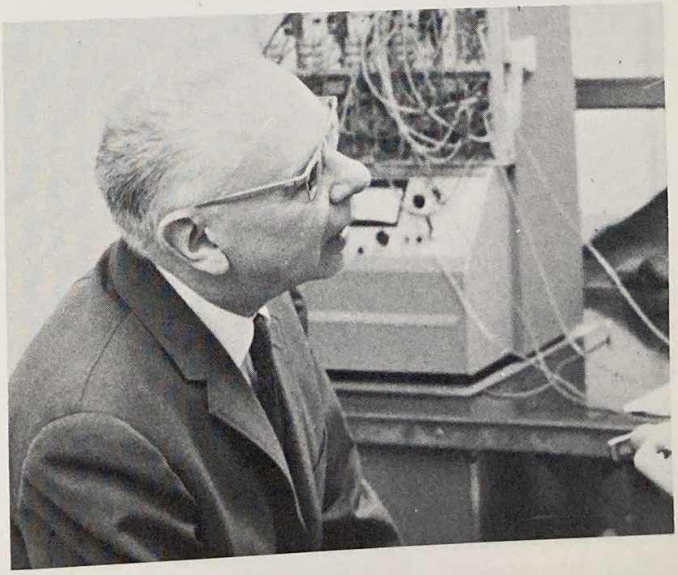


Professor Tan

Professor Blade



Professor Kut



Professor Griswold

The graduating class of 1972 — a unique group, always standing tall and as one, yet built upon a foundation of personalities as different as night and day. We were: united in being the first frisbee players to play in traffic, united in smoking over fifteen cigars in a humanities class even though half of us didn't smoke, united in playing killer frisbee and, going way back to second semester physics with Professor Yallow and froggy, united in zipping the motorized kitten down the aisles.

What better way to recall people and good times than through familiar sayings.

As Professor Chinitz used to say, "Remember back in ME59 when I said we will leave this problem for another time? Well, the other time has now arrived."

As we used to sit in class during the winter months and feel the eddy currents coming out of the air conditioner, we got the feeling that everything boils down to the fact that air conditioners work best in winter. Under these conditions no one could answer the question, "K, what is your value?" And in summertime, looking at the populace walking by, who wanted to learn about pararrel rines?

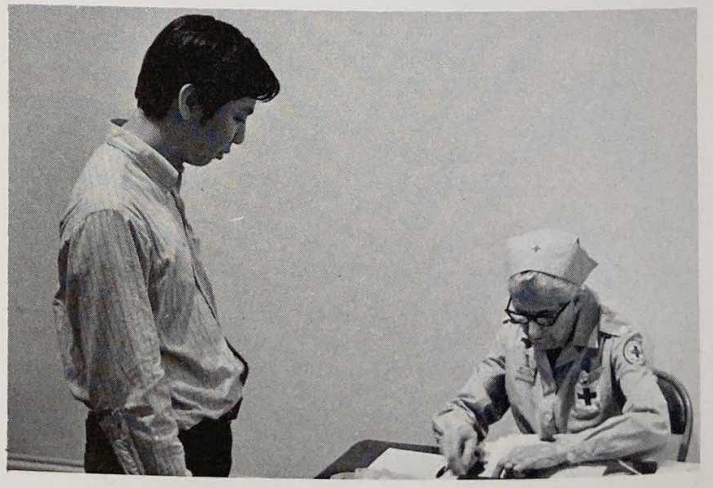
And with a high-ho silver and a, "Sloch is Zilch," and a, "In God's great universe," we can only say, "That's as clear as mud."

Prof. Sandler & Group

Prof. Grossman & Group

John Tochko

Tom F. in the midst of it all.

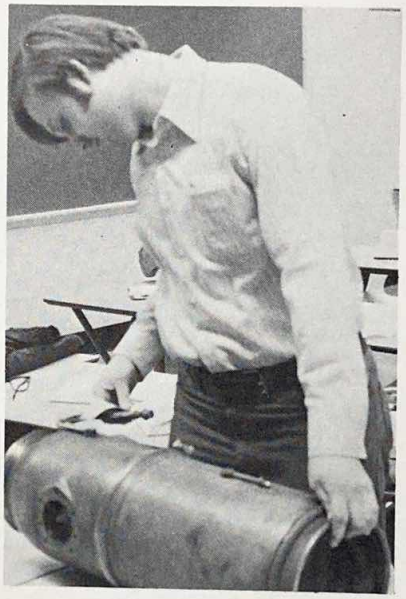


Pun Chan

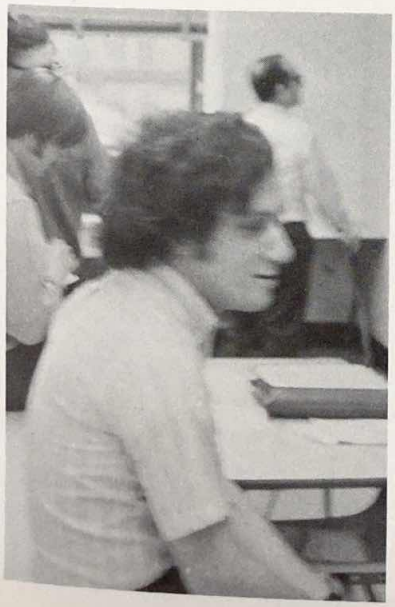
Sandy B.

Prof. Chintz and class

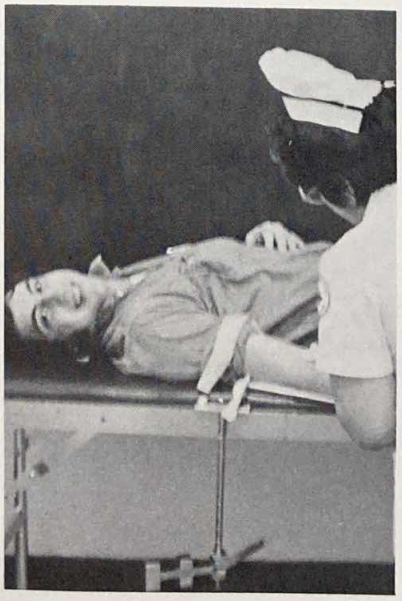
Abe P.



Chester T.



Charlie



Larry M.

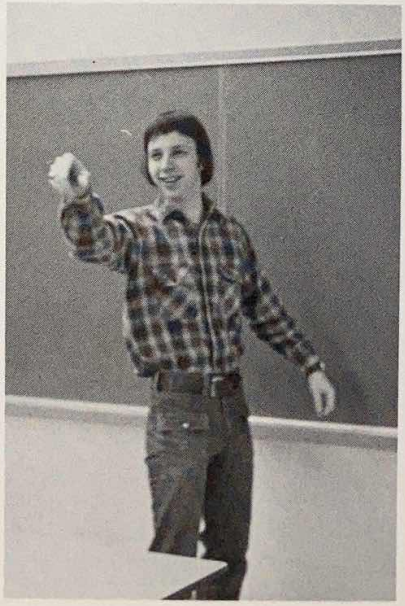
They're ME's
they've got style
they've got grace

Here's Mr. Cool in
the Lab operat'n
some switches.

Broke it again
huh George.

Hmm. According to
this the anklebone
is connected to
the hipbone.

Remember to play
wipe out in D.



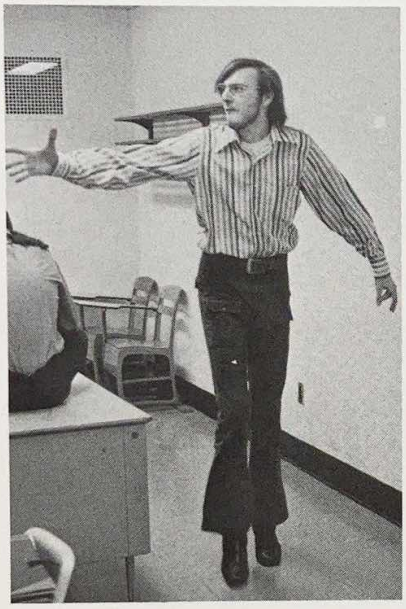
My dear old mammy.

The old soft shoe.

Way down upon the swanee river.

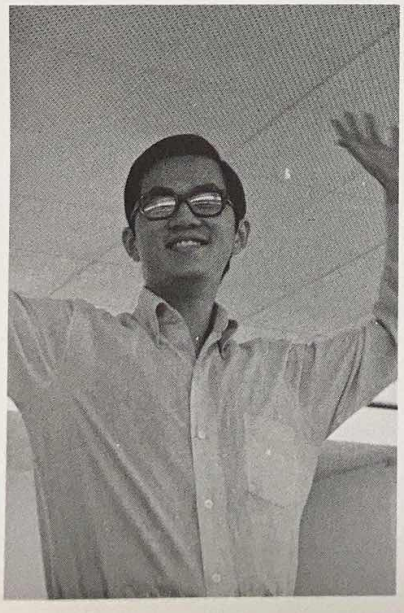
The Cable Photographer

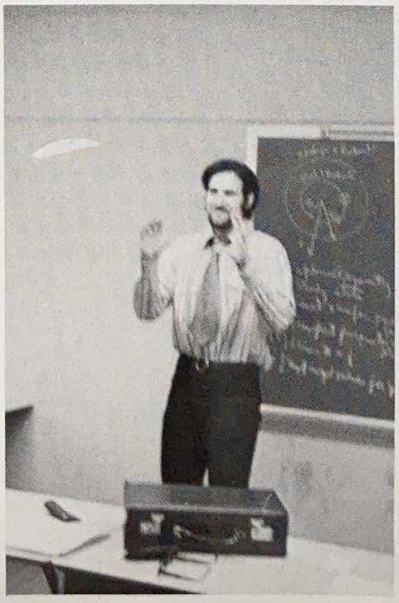
Come tip toe thru the tulips with me-e-e.



Catch a flying frisbee and put it in your pocket.

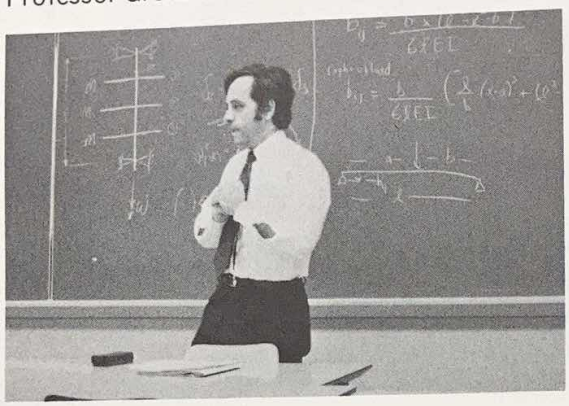
Strike up the band.

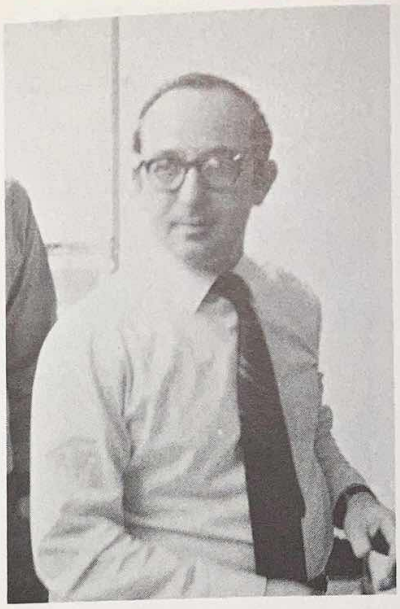




Right here on our stage.

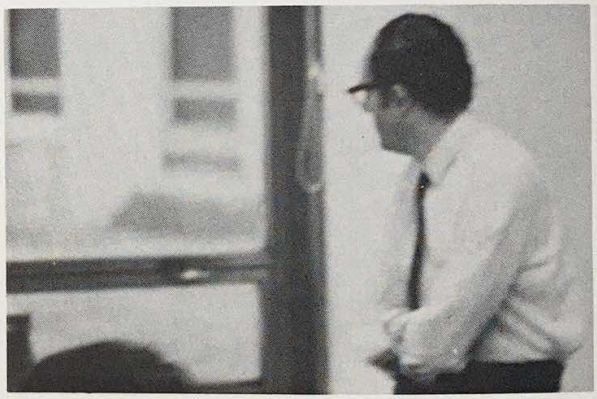
Professor Grossman





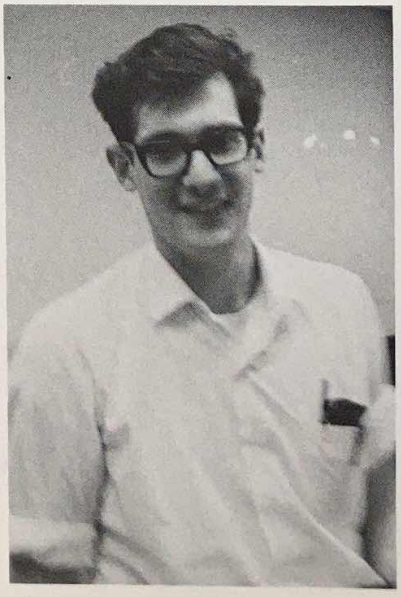
Professor Sandler

Professor Chintz



Professor Le'Mee

Secretary Mary Ann

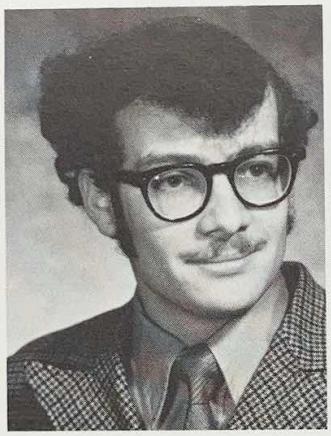


Professor Sumner

WHOLESALE
CHARM COFFEE
RETAIL
PEPSICO
TRUCK
RENTAL

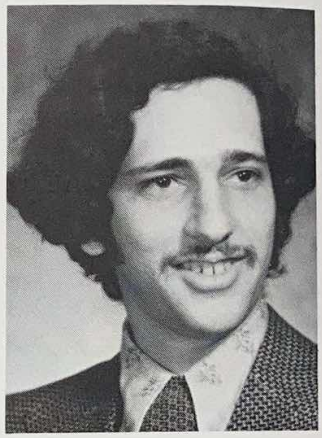
Graduate Engineers
Chemical, Civil, Electrical
Mechanical

Richard Battino — Chem. E.

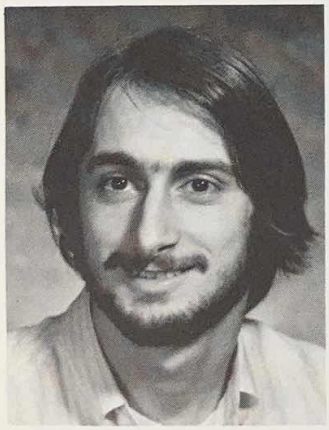


Irving Birnbaum — Chem. E.

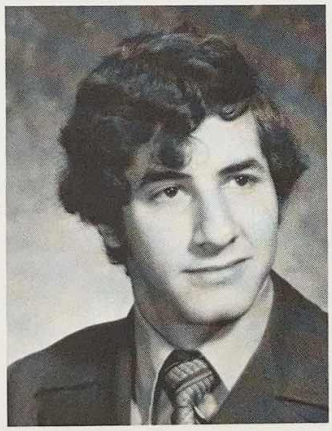
Martin Eisen — Chem. E.



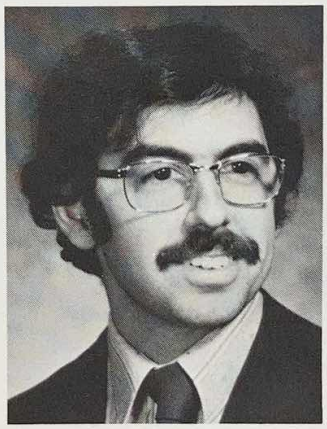
Richard Karp — Chem. E.



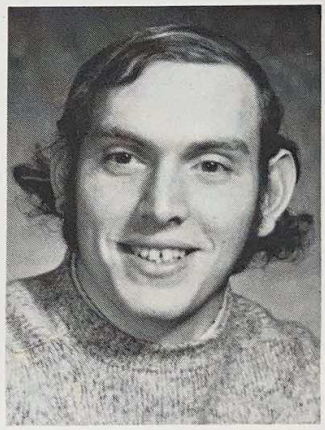
Steven Keller — Chem. E.



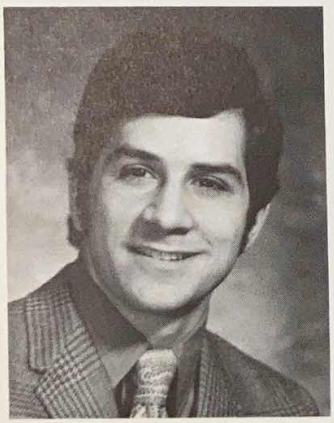
Gary Malamud — Chem. E.



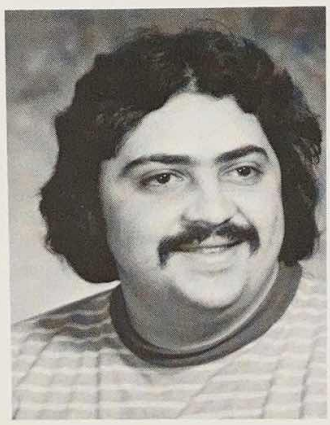
Jerry Markowitz — Chem. E.



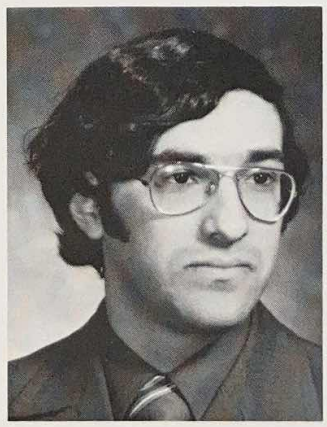
Steven Sacks — Chem. E.



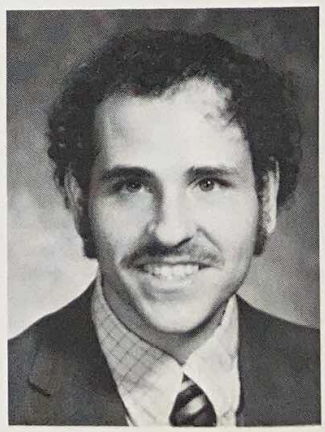
Kenneth Stern — Chem. E.



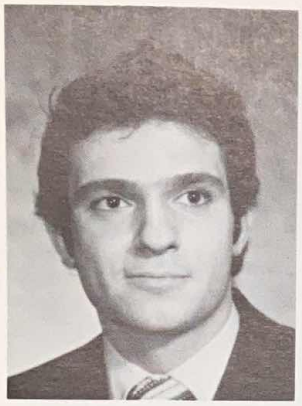
Peter Tarantola — Chem. E.



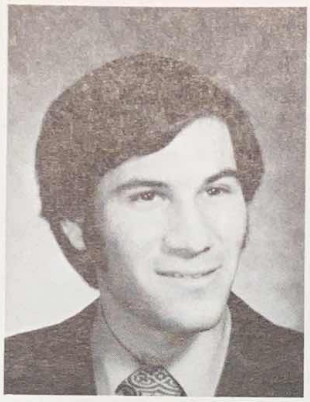
Mark Weinberg — Chem. E.



Ira Braverman — C. E.

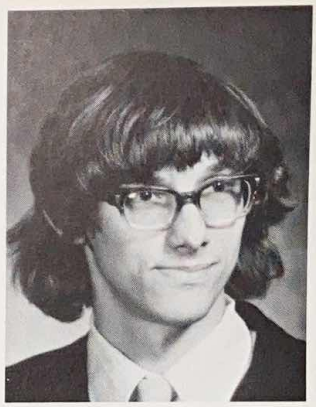


Robert Capalbo — C.E.

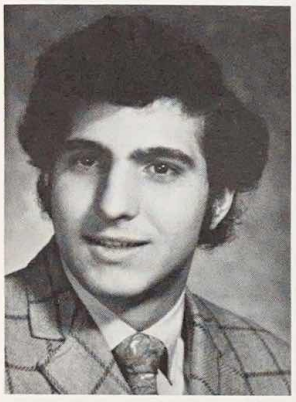


Larry Englisher — C. E.

Robert Forgione — C. E.

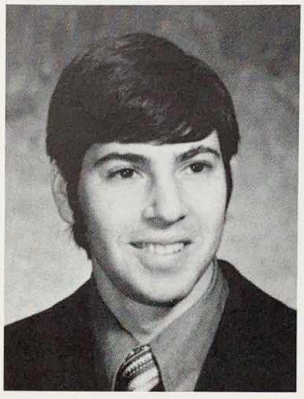


Thomas Galaskewicz — C. E.



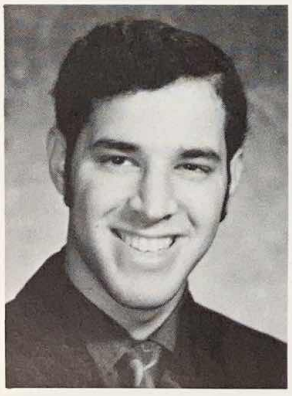
Steven Giannino — C. E.

Norman Hirsch — C. E.

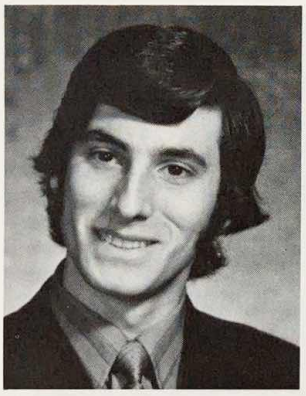


Robin Klein — C. E.

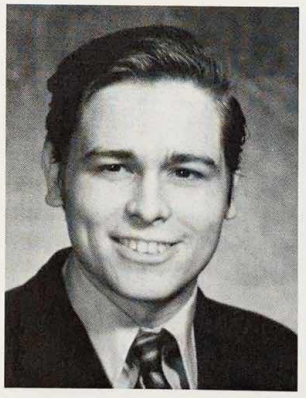
Leo Manuelian — C. E.



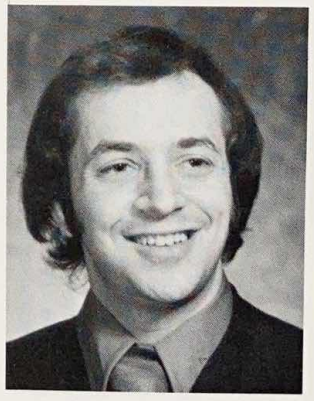
Mendel Nock — C. E.



Stuart Rosenthal — C. E.

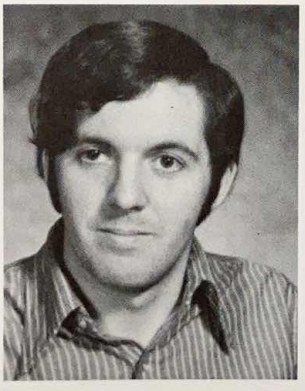


William Schnurr — C. E.



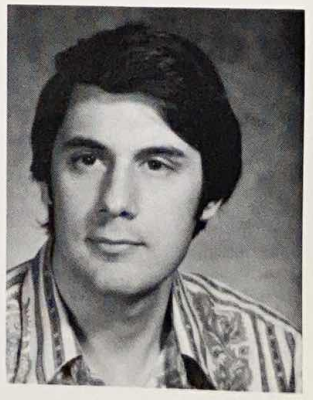
Michael Weinberg — C. E.

Alan Abramson — E. E.

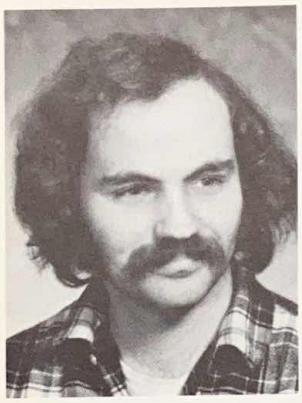


Kevin Burke — E. E.

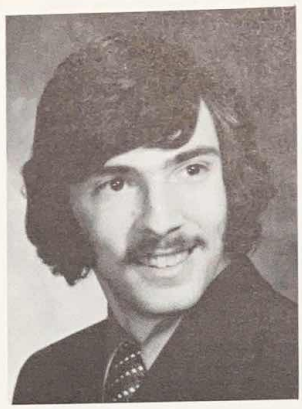
John Carlson — E. E.



Joel Coplowitz — E. E.

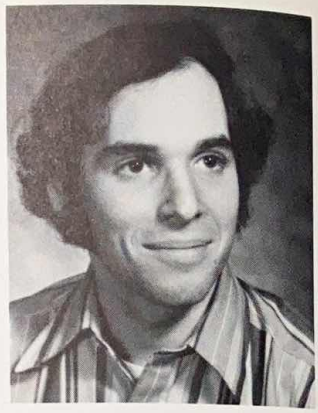


Steven Einhorn — E. E.

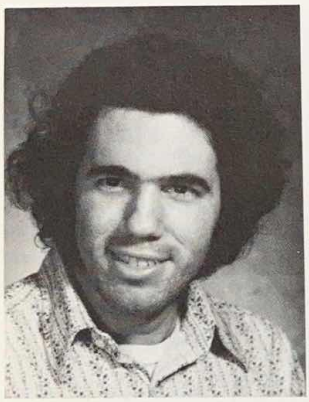


Barry Finck — E. E.

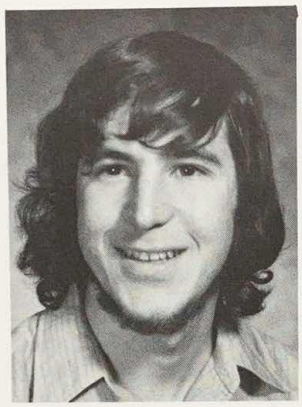
Thomas Glavich — E. E.



Henry Goldenberg — E. E.

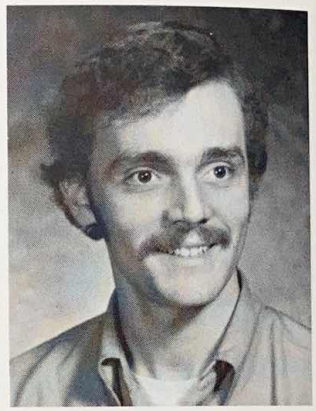


Martin Kenger — E. E.

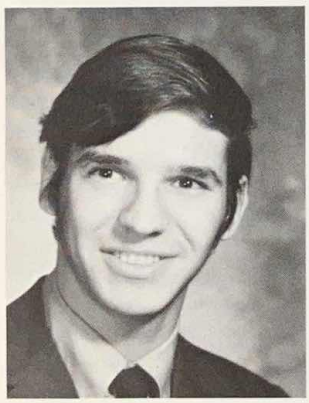


Richard Letourneau — E. E.

Lawrence Lopez — E. E.

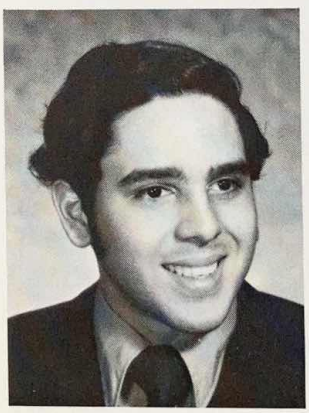


Bernard McKenna — E. E.

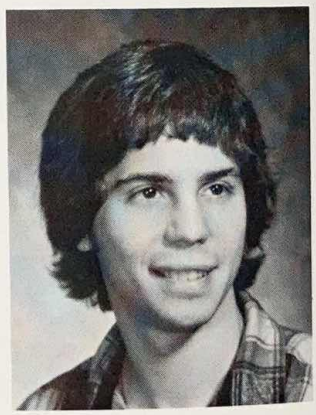


Robert Metzger — E. E.

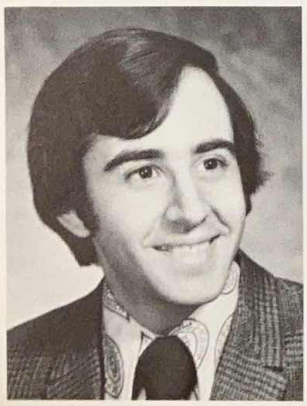
David Millman — E. E.



Antonio Ortiz — E. E.

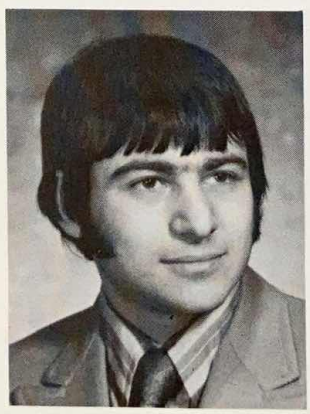


Martin Pavane — E. E.

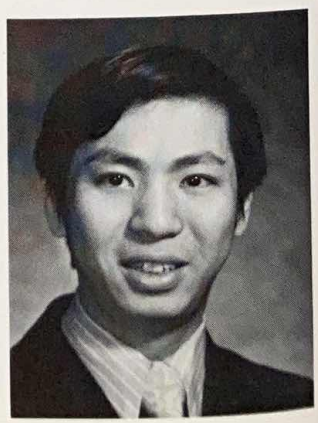


Thomas Schiano — E. E.

Gerald Simowitz — E. E.



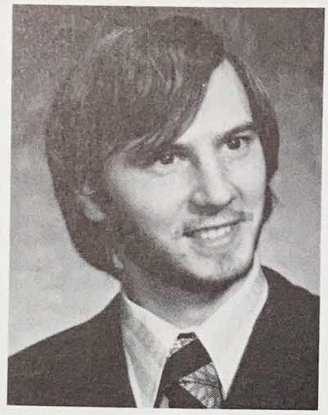
Sanford Bernstein — M. E.



Poon Chan — M. E.

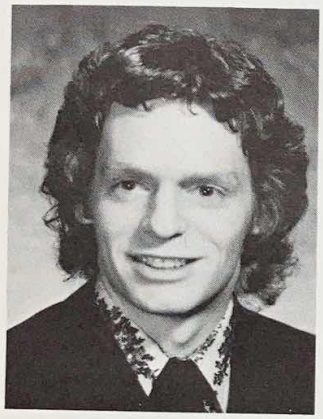
John Coppola — M. E.

Tomas Frank — M. E.



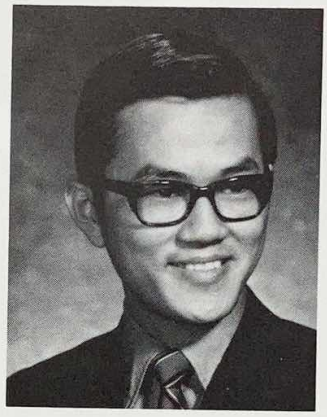
Bill Fredrickson — M. E.

James Gaughan — M. E.

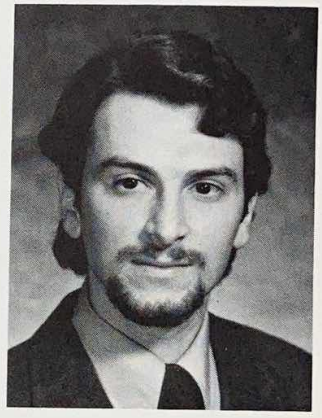


Richard Kaye — M. E.

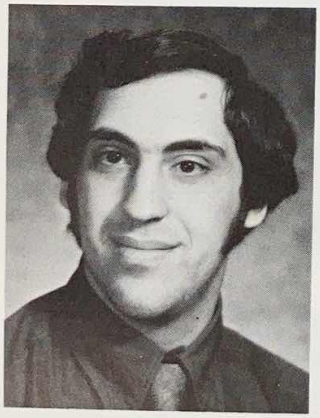
Ronald Kipp — M. E.



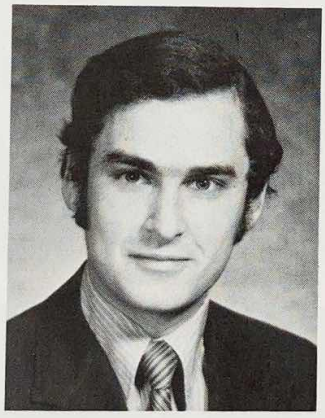
George Liang — M. E.



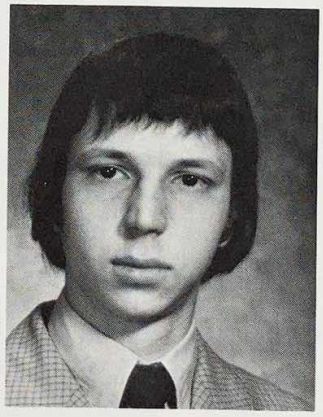
Konrad Mayer — M. E.



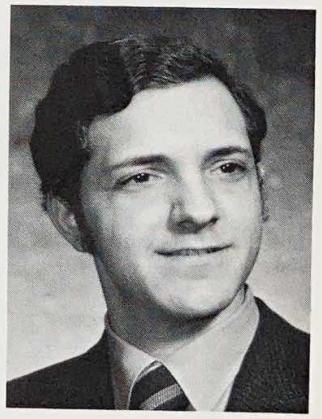
Lawrence Mendlow — M. E.



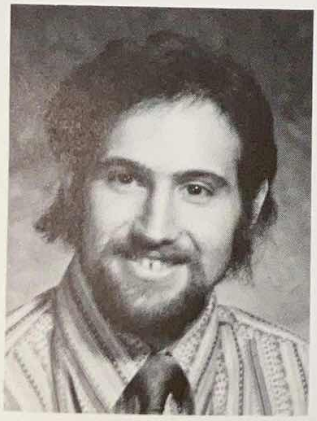
Abraham Pancerman — M. E.



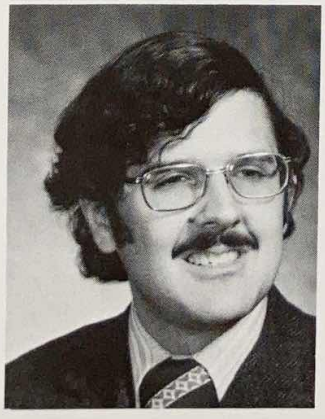
John Rachwalski — M. E.



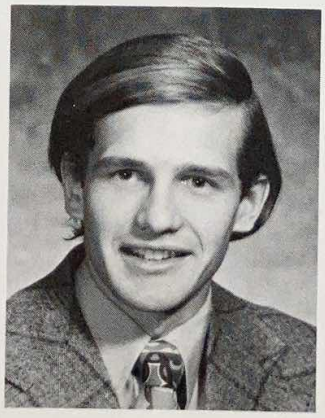
Patrick Rich — M. E.



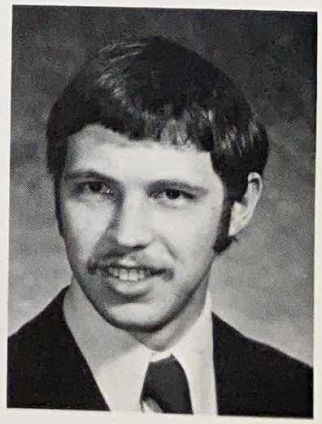
Abraham Rosenstein — M. E.



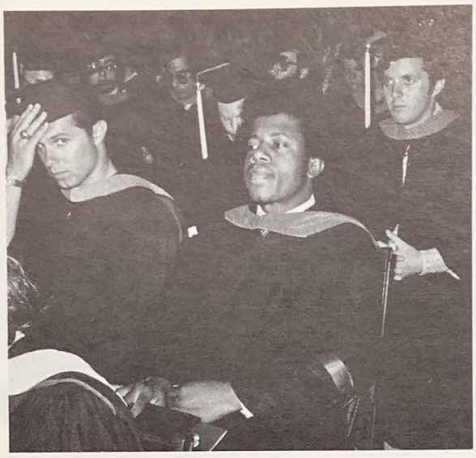
Steven Strauss — M. E.

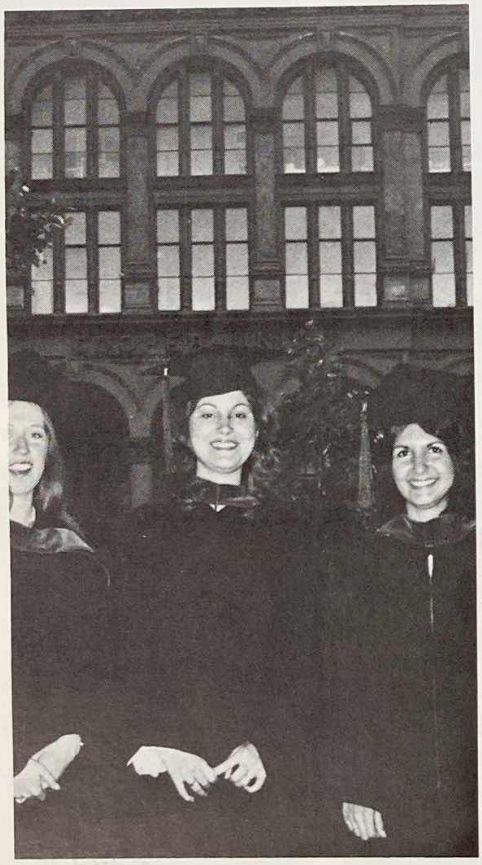


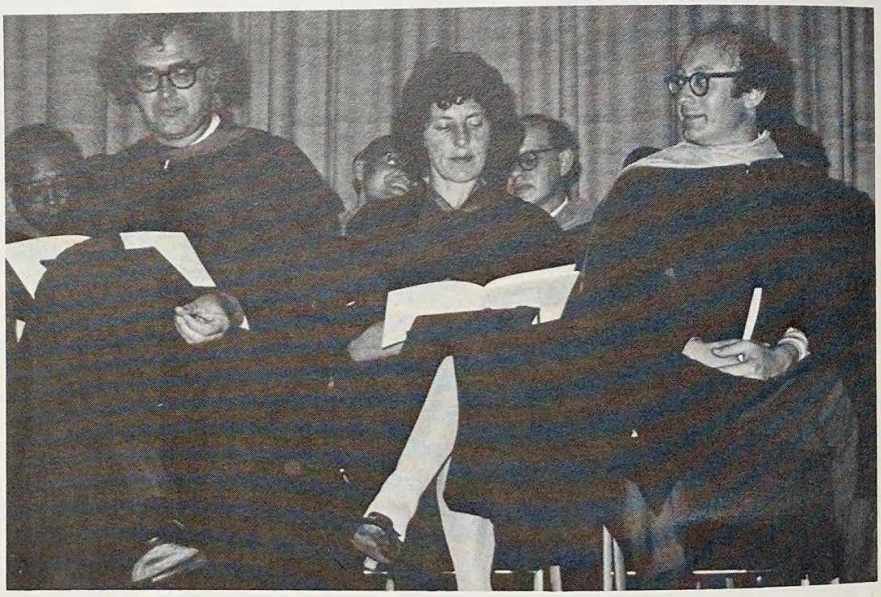
John Tochko — M. E.

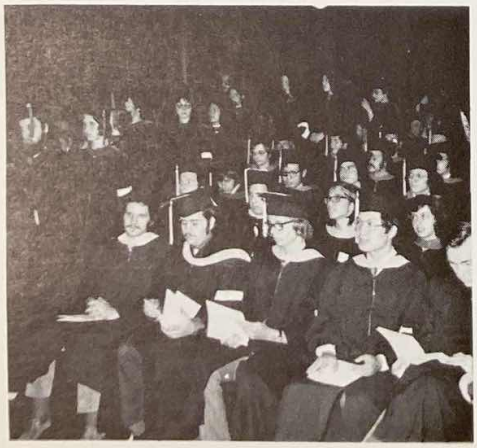


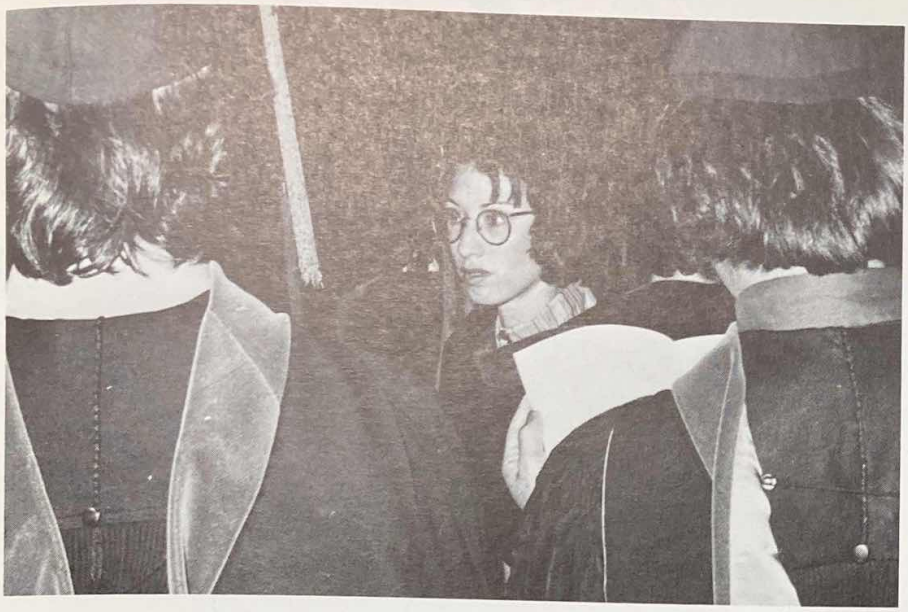
Richard Woytowich — M. E.

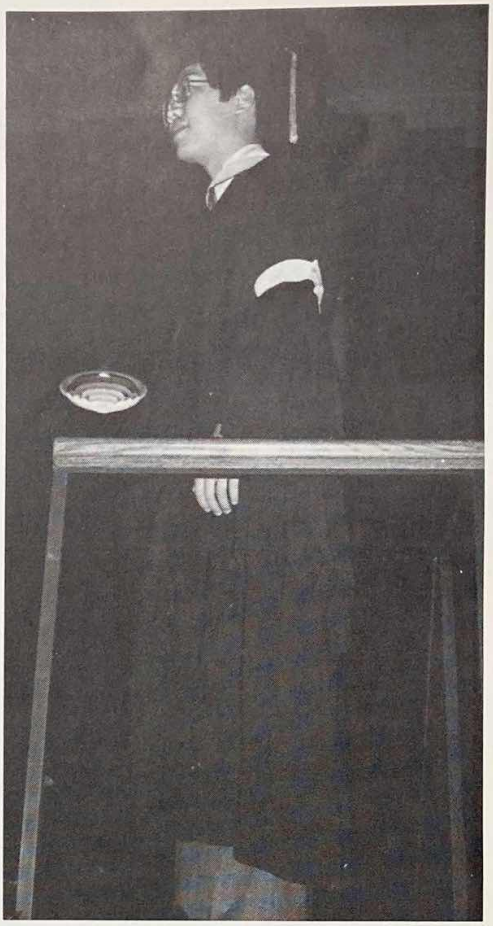


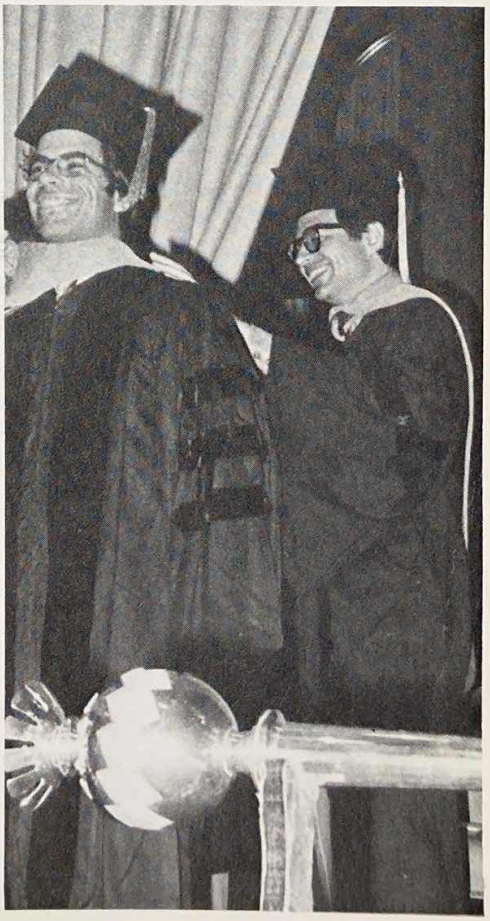




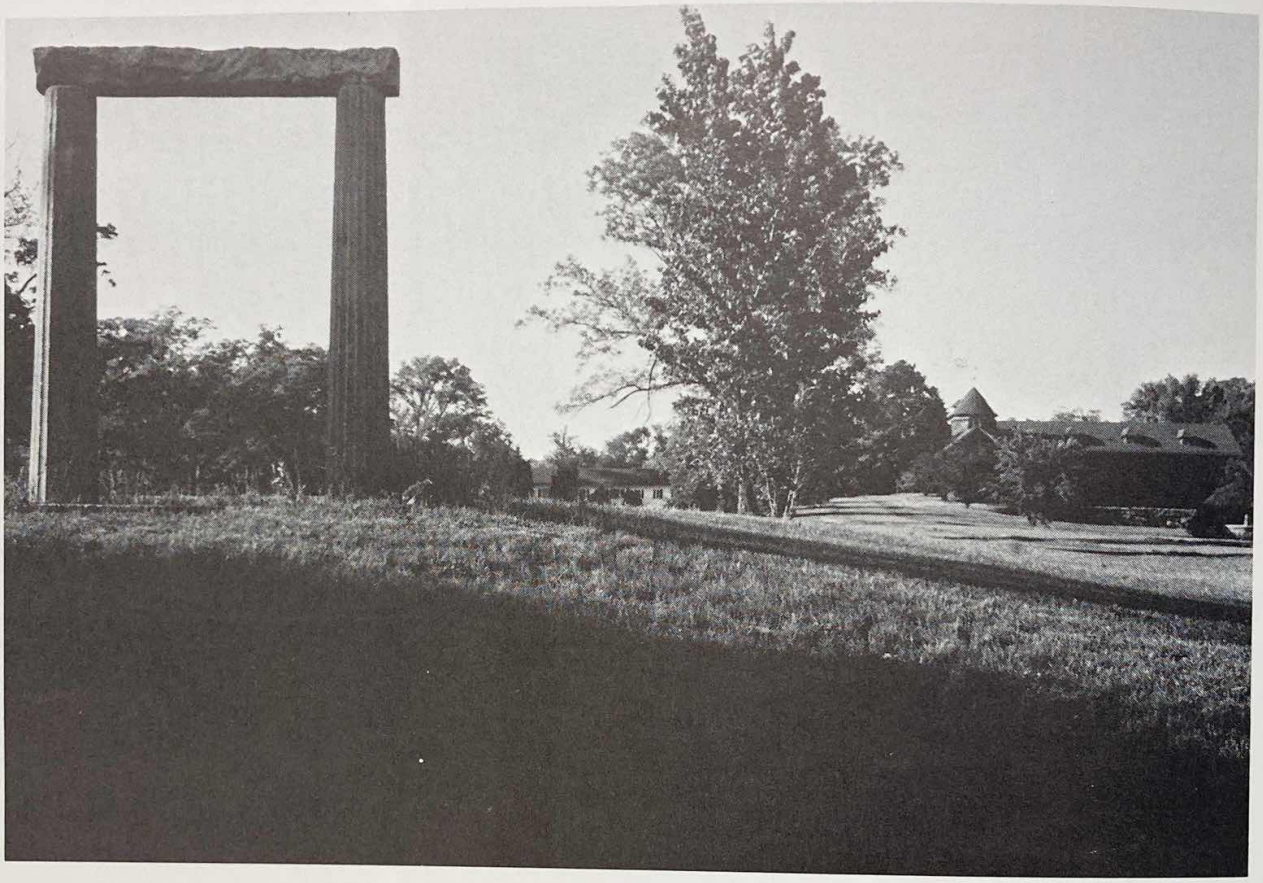


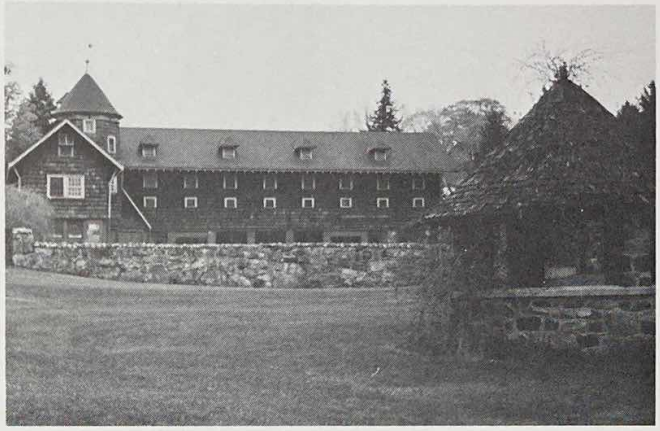


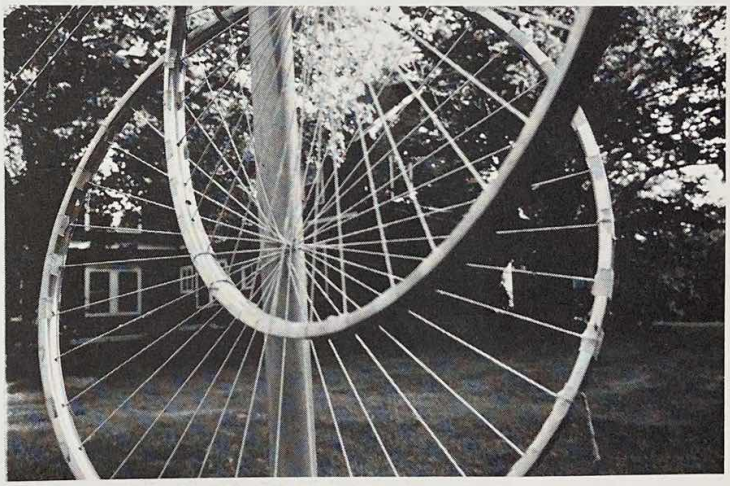




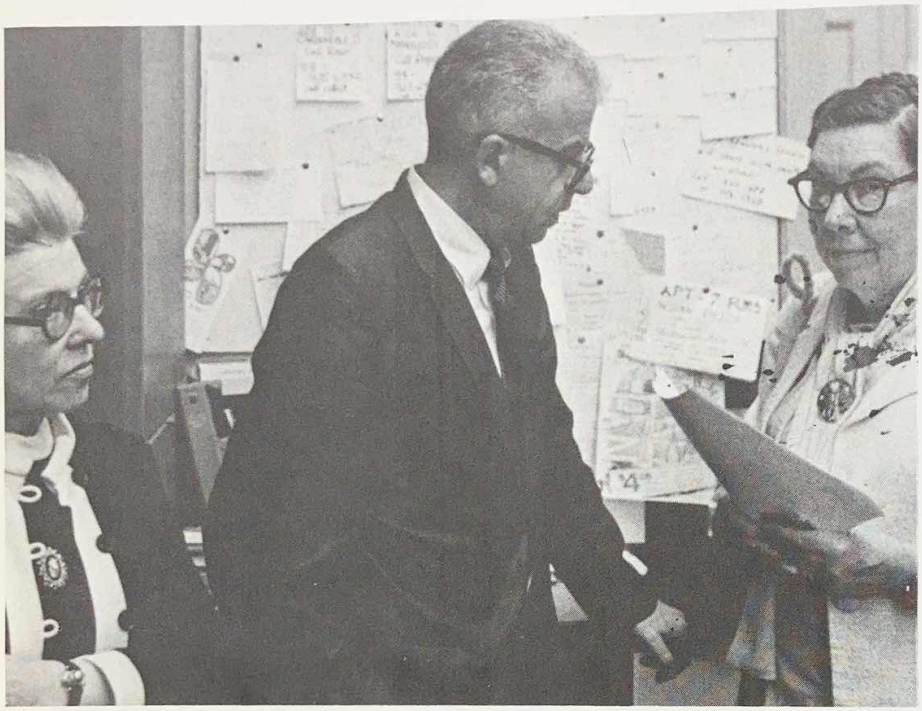
Green Camp

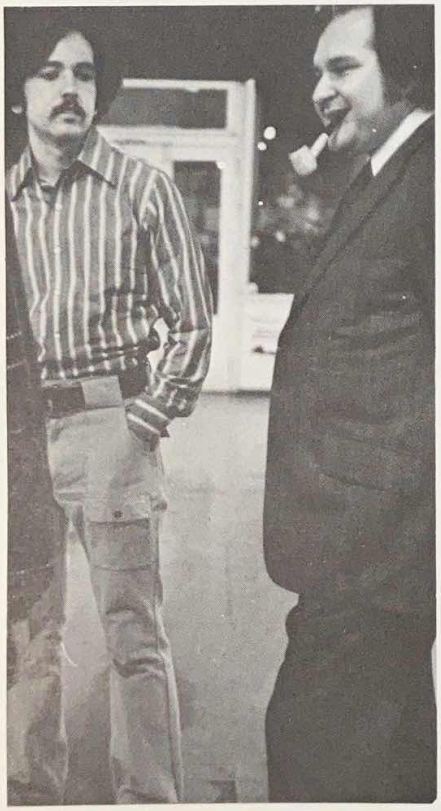


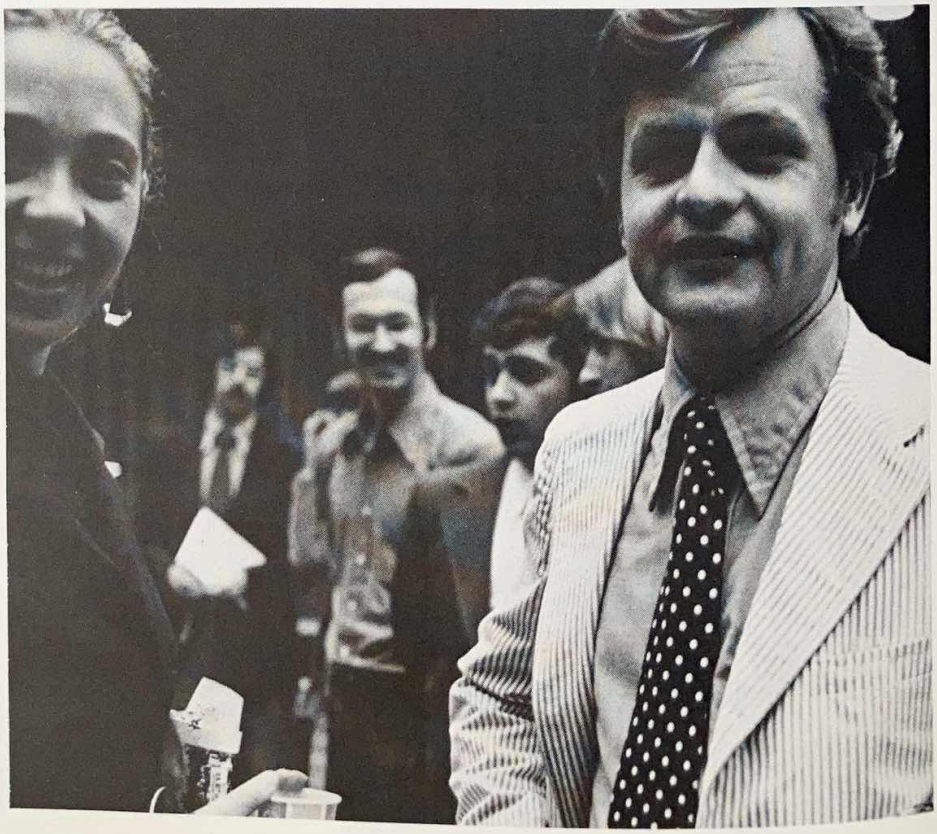


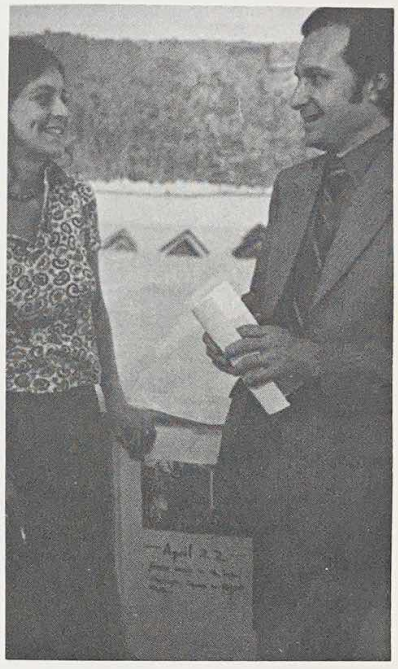


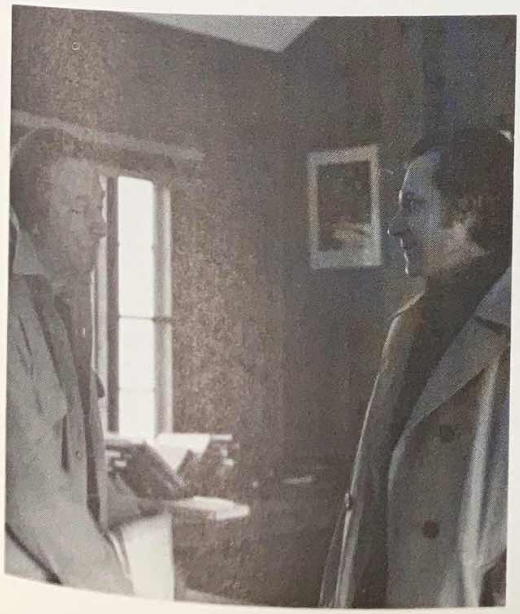
Faculty and Staff

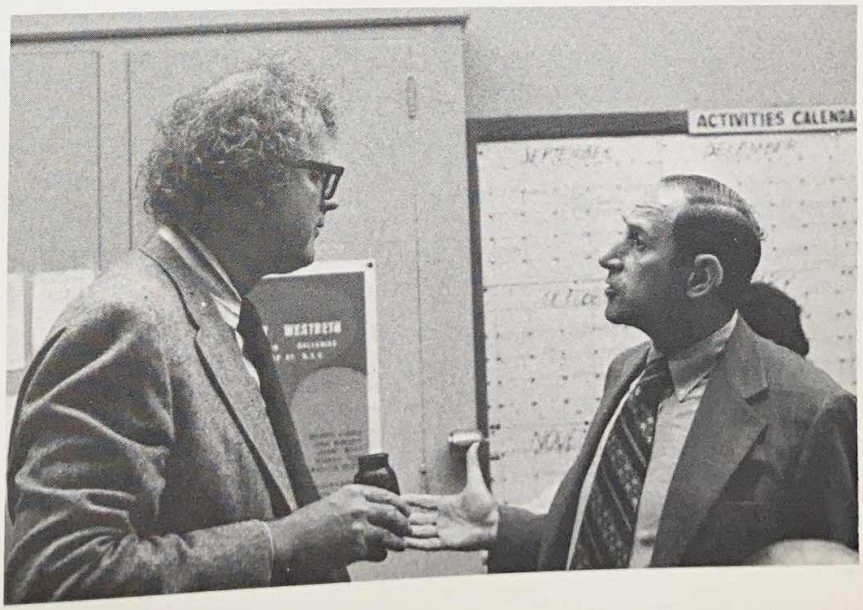




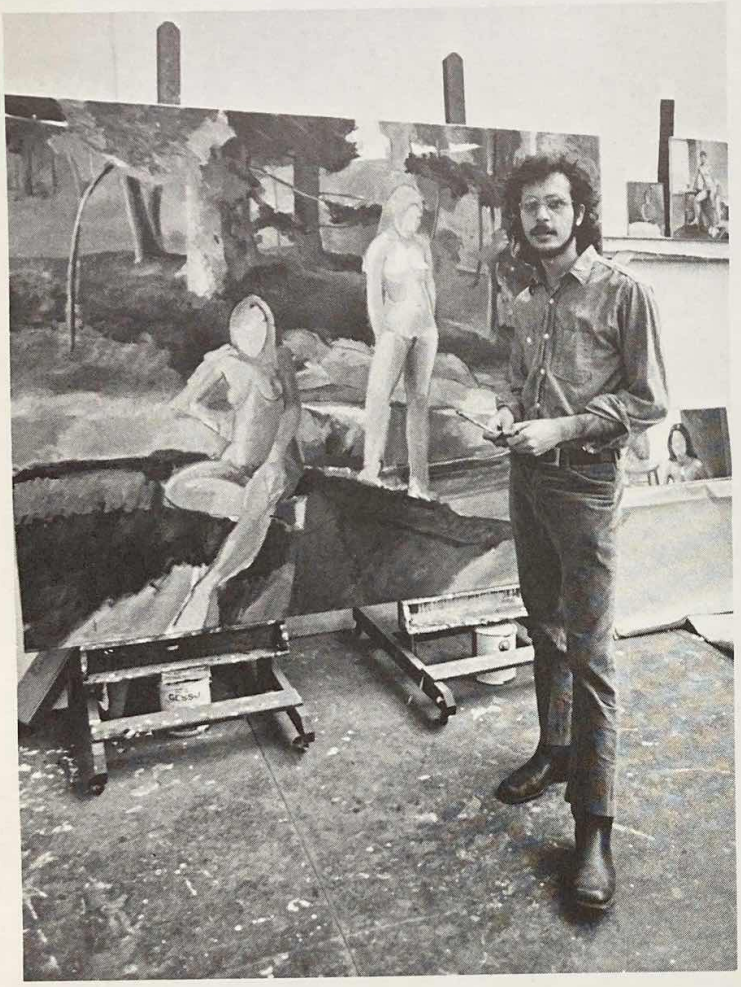


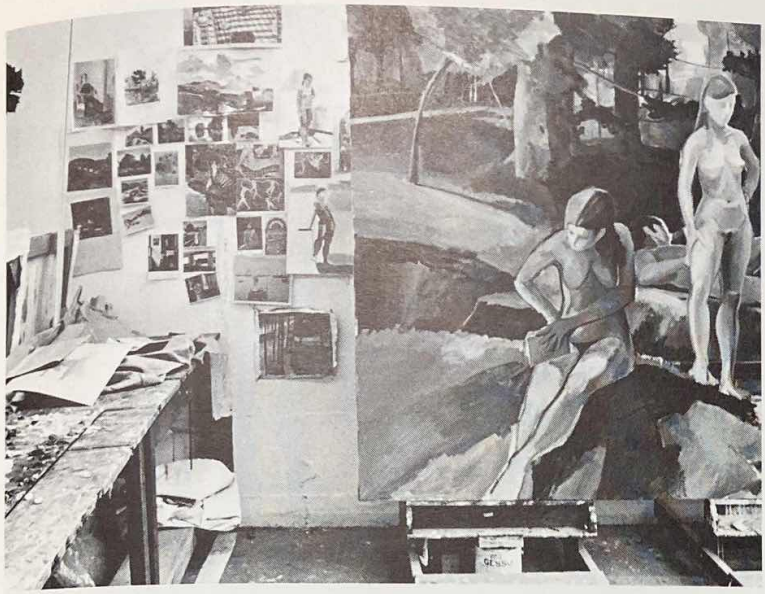


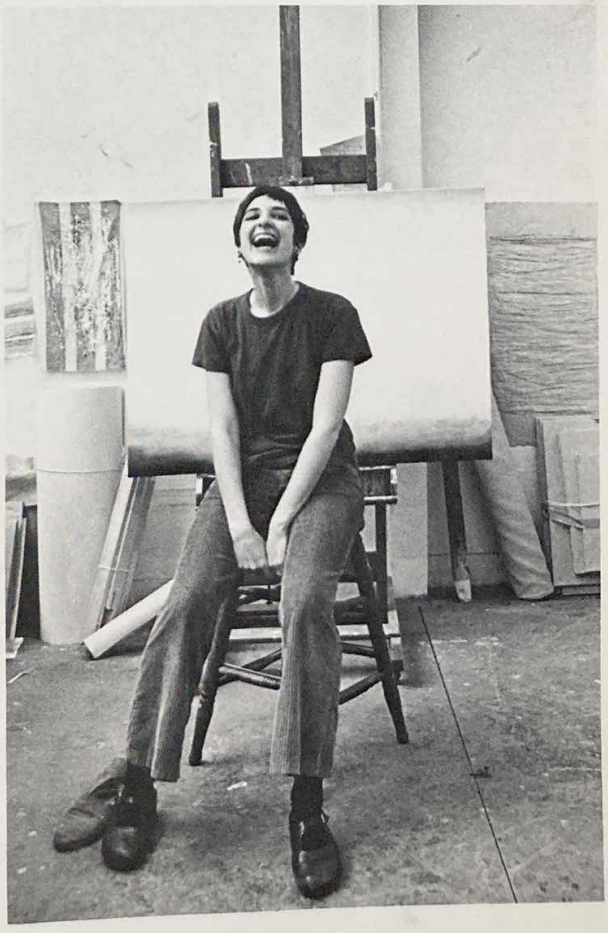


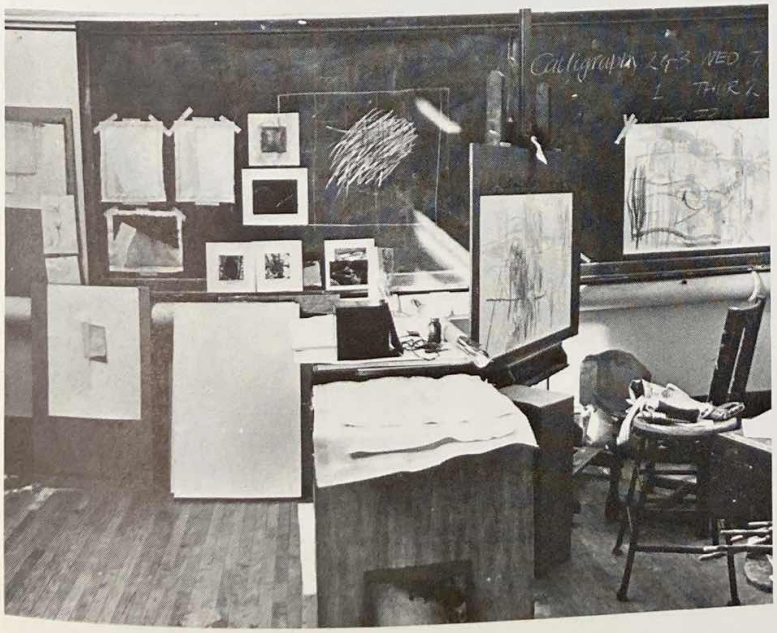

ACTIVITIES CALENDA

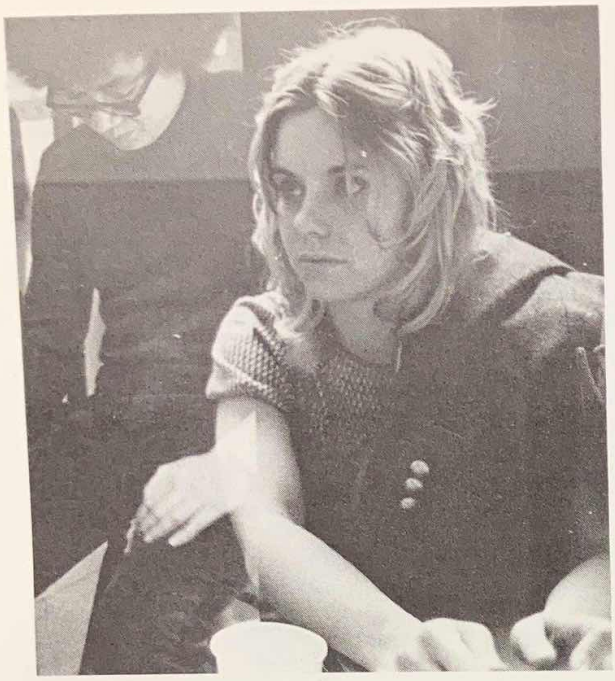
The Art School

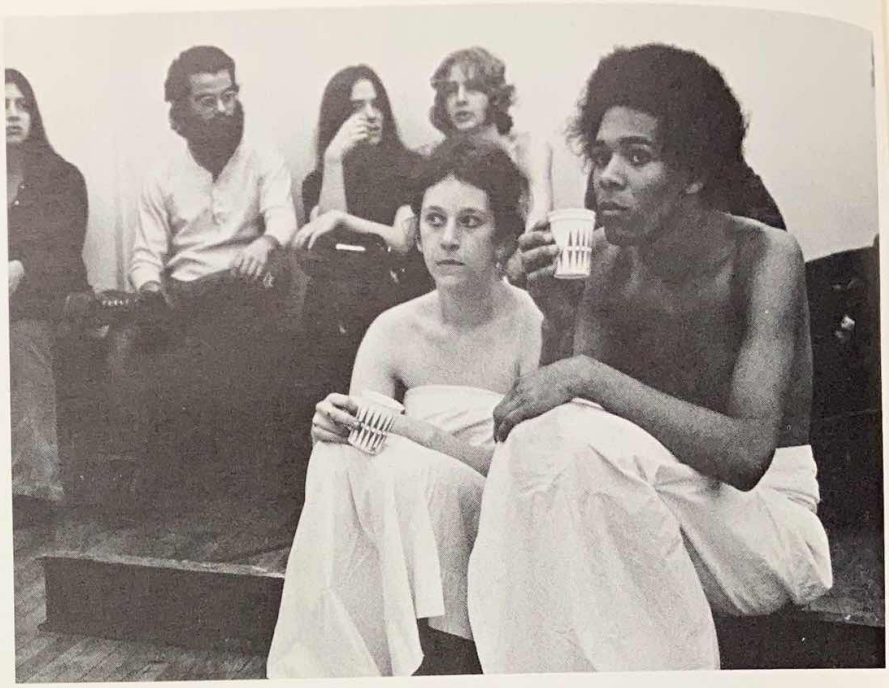




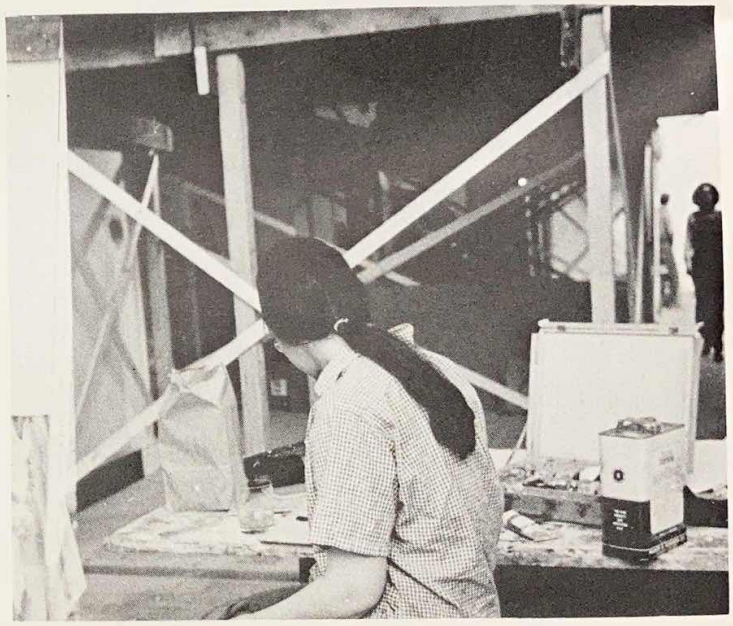




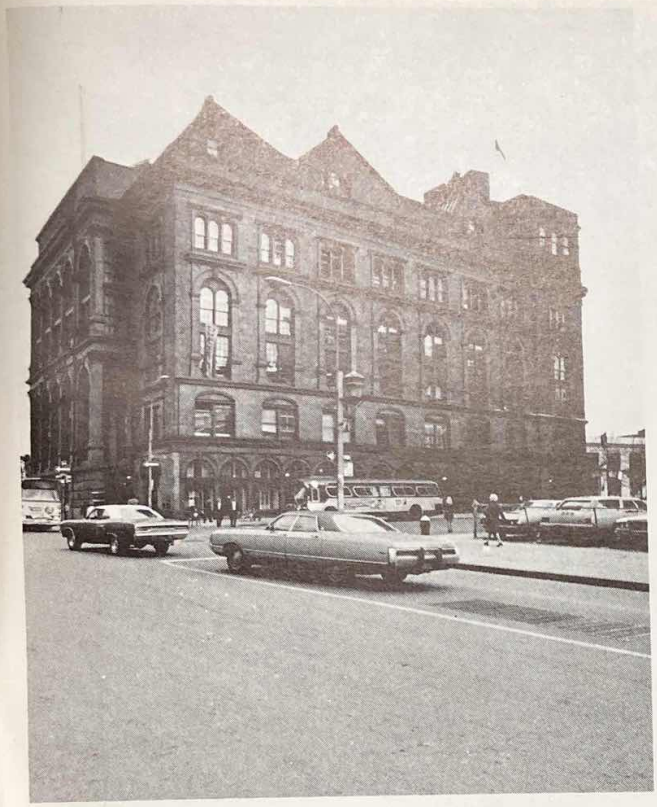


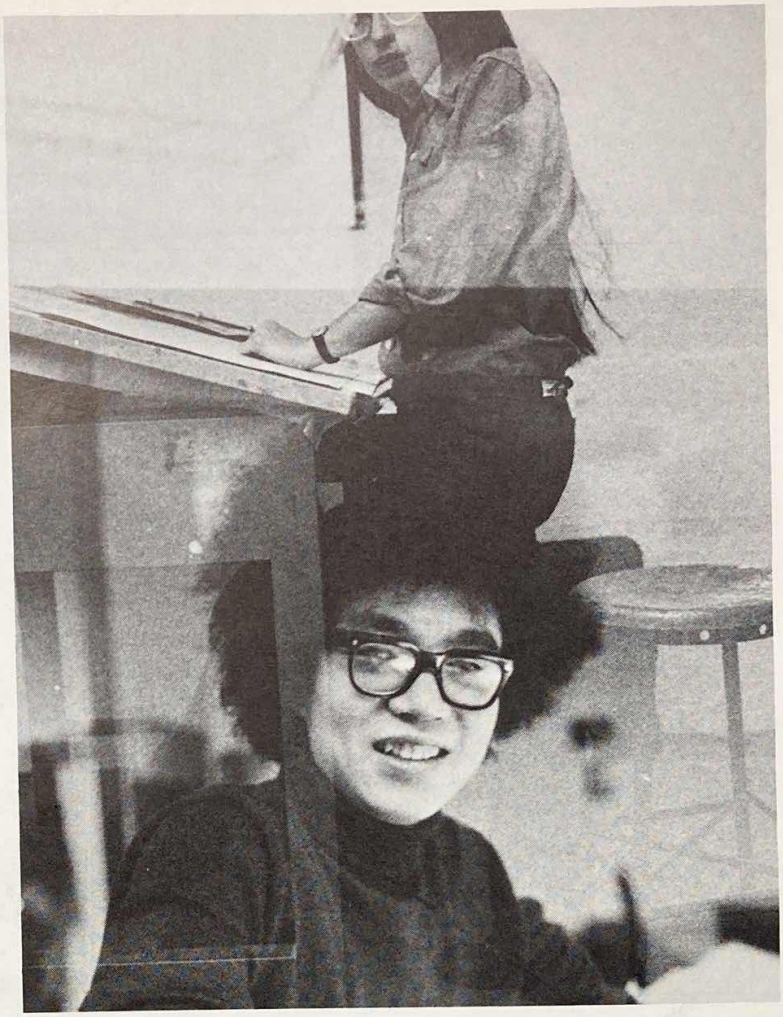


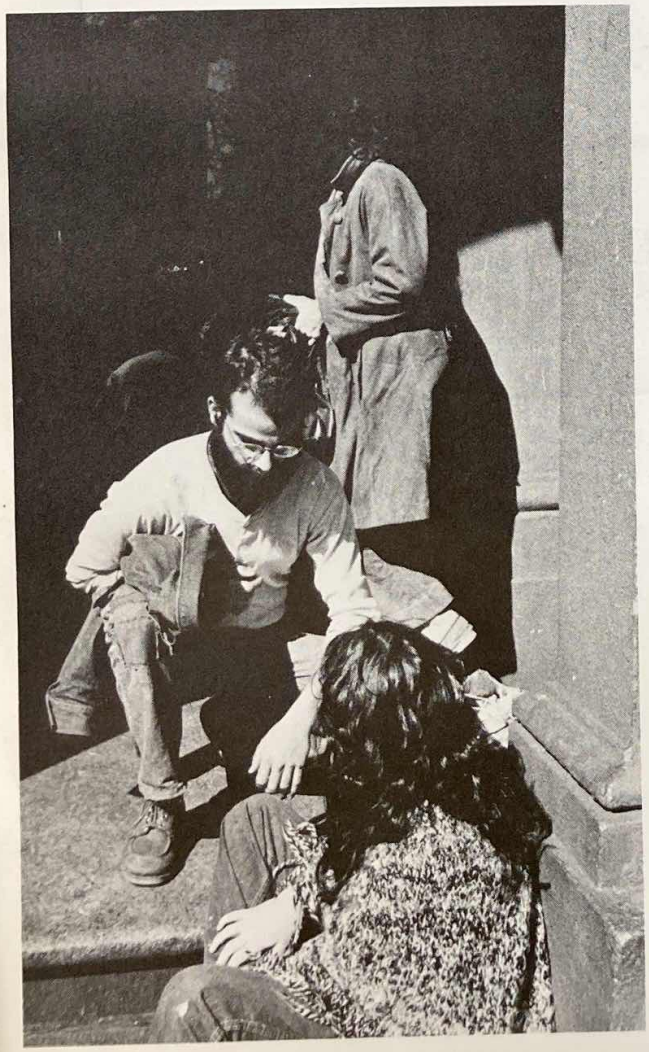
SAT HALL



NO
PARKING

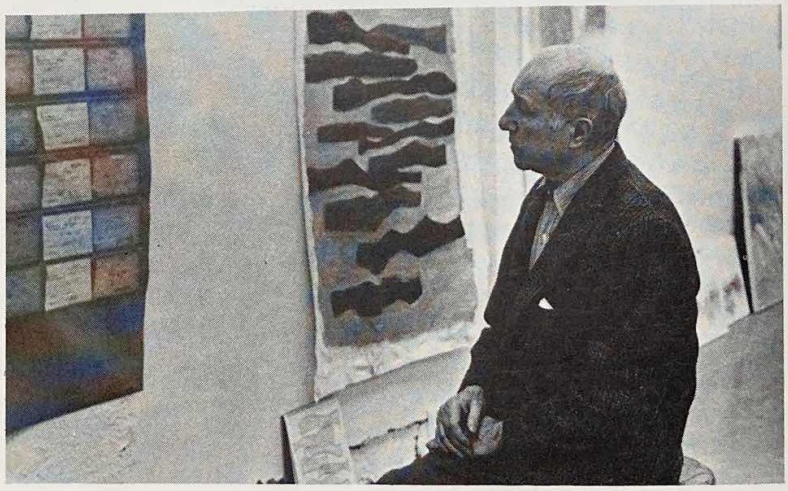


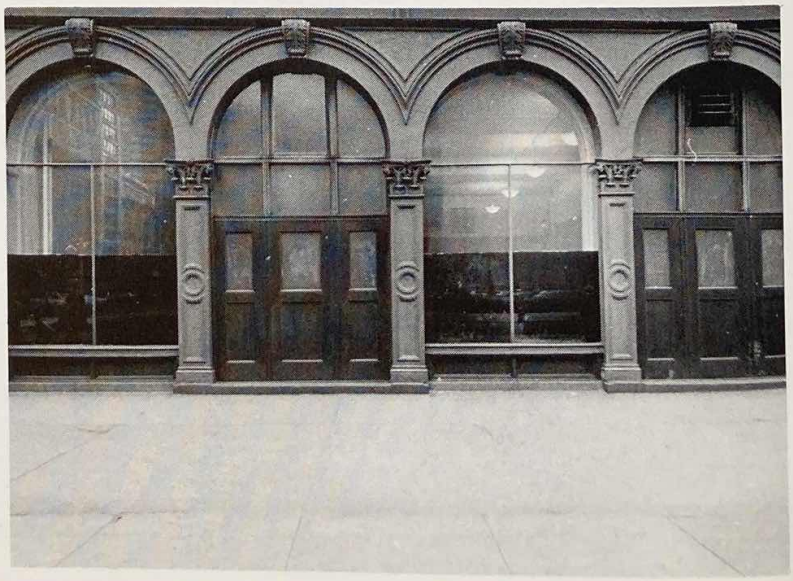


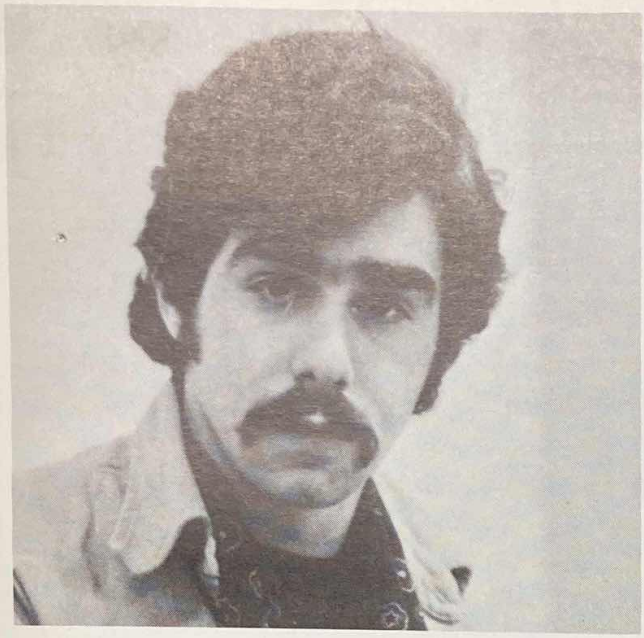


DOUGLAS

10
PARKING
9 AM - 10 AM







PARKING
TN·4696
NEW YORK

CABLE CREDITS

ART/DESIGN AND LAYOUT

FRAN MISKIN
SUSAN SHAW

PHOTOGRAPHY/ART SCHOOL

STEVE HOPKINS
FRAN MISKIN
SUSAN SHAW

CHEMICAL ENGINEERING

RICHARD BATTINO
MARK WEINBERG

CIVIL ENGINEERING

LARRY ENGLISHER
ROBERT FORGIONE
STUART ROSENTHAL

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

BARRY FINCK
TOM SCHIANO

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

CHESTER KALINOSKI
RICHARD WYTOWITCH